HERO TALES FROM MISSION LANDS

W. P. NAIRNE AND
ARTHUR P. SHEPHERD

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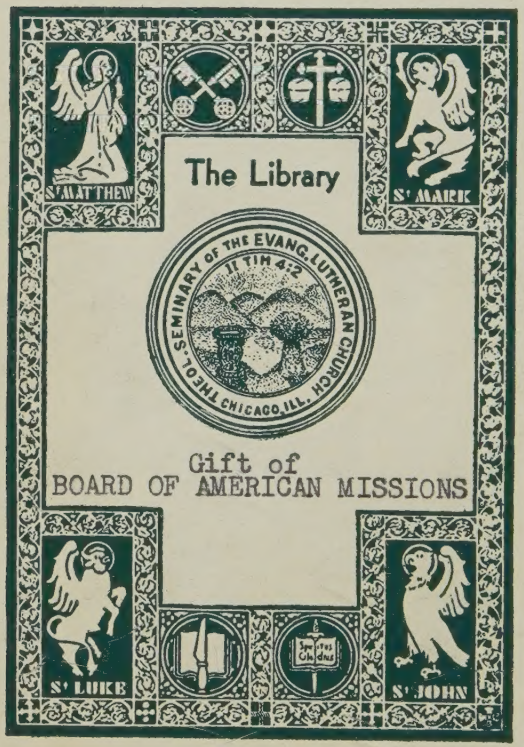

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THIS GATE HOUSE, CARVED IN SOLID TEAKWOOD, GUARDS THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF BURMAH'S GOLDEN TEMPLES.

HERO TALES FROM MISSION LANDS

BY

W. P. NAIRNE

AND

ARTHUR P. SHEPHERD

38504

NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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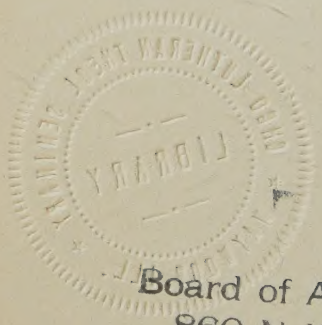

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LITTLE CHILDREN OF MISSION LANDS

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PREFACE

The stories in this diversified collection provide material historically true, that will enlist on behalf of missionary work the enthusiasm, the love of adventure and the hero-worship which burn in the heart of a boy.

The plan is ideal for use with adolescent boys. Instead of an isolated adventure from the life of a missionary hero, with other details of his life given as supplementary matter, the story itself deals, as far as space will allow, with the life and life-work of the hero, with an introduction giving background and other details. The aim of the plan is that, while the adventurous and picturesque is still prominent in the story itself, the boy should be brought primarily into contact with a *personality* that shall compel his admiration, rather than with an adventure alone which shall hold his attention.

Methods of using the plan vary from that of an address to that of a study circle. A very satisfactory method is for the teacher to tell the story in his own words, and then lead the boys into conversation about the topics suggested by the story. This drives the real significance of the incident more deeply into the boys' minds.

The most essential thing is that there should be in the leader's mind a vision of, and a belief in, the

possibilities of the boys he is dealing with. The leader should seek not only to interest them, not only to win their admiration for the heroes, but to win their service for the same great Enterprise. In proportion as the leaders believe in this real aim of the work, they will attain it.

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HERO TALES FROM MISSION LANDS

WHERE THE ADVENTURES OF THE HEROES TOOK PLACE

I

A HERO IN EXILE

Columba

(b. 521, d. 597)

Aim.—To win admiration for a courageous acceptance of punishment and to show how, accepted in this way, the punishment may become a blessing.

[There is a popular tendency to identify God's forgiveness with escape from punishment, and the disuse of penance in Protestant Christianity has, in the opinion of some, developed the idea that punishment is *not* to be expected. The result is a rebellion against punishment when it does arrive. True repentance, which means self-identification with righteousness in its attitude to our wrongdoing, will not rebel but will humbly and bravely bear punishment. It was this complete identification with righteousness in repentance which was the origin of penance before its abuse. The story of Columba ought to help the boys to have a new attitude towards sin and punishment.]

THE PENITENT

It was a dark, moonless night, and the rugged cliffs of North Ireland frowned forbiddingly down on a little band of men gathered on the shore. Their cowls and robes showed that they were monks, and all night long their voices rose and fell in chant and prayer.

It was plain that a journey was afoot, for dark against the pale sand lay a long boat, the mast ready stepped. A frail craft it looked, with its hide-bound wicker sides, to weather the seas that swept up from the Atlantic round the coasts of Donegal, but it was

thwarted with strong oaken beams, and the stout seamanship of the monks made little of rough seas.

But there was no promise of a storm that night, for the sea gleamed pale and calm beneath the stars.

Above the other chanting voices one rose rich and full from a tall monk of splendid build, who seemed the leader of the party. When he was not singing or in prayer, he stood with bowed head as though in grief. This was Columba, a monk famous in North Ireland, a descendant of the royal line of the Clan Neil, the founder of more than thirty monasteries. Columba—"the Dove"—he was called, and far and wide was he known for his saintliness; but he possessed, as yet untamed, the Irishman's hot blood and quick resentment.

Stung by what he thought an injustice to himself and an outrage to his right of sanctuary, he had roused the Neils of the North against those of the South, and though he had won the day, thousands of his clansmen had been slain. In penitence he had sought his confessor Lasrian.

"As many souls as thou hast caused to perish," the old man said, "so many shalt thou save. But in exile must thou forever dwell, beyond the shores of Ireland."

Columba bowed to the sentence, and twelve of his disciples determined to go with him. "It is thou who art my father," one of them, Mochonna, exclaimed, "I vow to follow thee, whithersoever thou goest."

"My country," Columba replied, "is wherever I can win the largest harvest for Christ."

But to leave his beloved Ireland was a terrible blow. For more than twenty years Columba had worked there as a monk and abbot, but now that he had to go, his eyes turned towards the savage inhabitants of the North of Scotland, the Picts as the Romans had called them, from their painted bodies.

So through the darkness he and his little band kept vigil, for at daybreak they were to sail for the land of their exile—the land of their greatest work!

Suddenly, through the silence of the night, before the dawn had streaked the purple of the sky with grey, came the shrill crowing of a cock. The monks started: the time had come. Silently they manned the boat and pushed out from the shore, and soon before the freshening westerly breeze they sped on to the land of the sunrise.

But their faces were not to the dawn, but to the dear hills of Ireland, as they turned from black to purple and from purple to green in the sunlight, and then again faded into purple distance till they sank beneath the western sea. And the deep voice sang,

"My yearning heart breaketh at exile;
If I die now 'tis for love of Ireland."

THE EXILE

At first they beached their boat on the little isle of Oronsay, but when Columba climbed the hill and looked out over the sea he could see the Irish coast a faint line in the dim distance. "We must seek another isle," he said, "where my heart will not be torn by the sight of my beloved country." So they passed on to Iona, a little islet set in the roar and swirl of the Atlantic surges, as they sweep by to

shatter themselves on the gaunt cliffs of Mull hard by.

There they built their wattle[1] huts, with the kitchen and refectory[2] and church, and, outside the wall of rough stones, cells for guests and pilgrims. They lived by "the Rule of Columcille"[3]—prayer, work, and reading; but they had need of every art and craft to settle themselves in their new home. First they had to be farmers and till the scant soil of the island; then, too, they were builders, fishermen, shepherds, carpenters. Yet these things were always second: their chief time was for prayer and study, for copying and illuminating beautiful manuscripts, and, above all, for preaching the Gospel.

Soon they made friends with the natives of the island, and then in their coracles crossed the straits to Mull, and so over the Sound to the mainland, till they had learnt the language, and their cowled figures and the towering form of Columba were known to every clan and in every wattled village and by every lake.

THE HEATHEN STRONGHOLD

But Columba's eyes turned further off to where in lonely Craig Phadrich lived King Brude, king of all the Picts, a fierce warrior whose sway held from Iona to the Eastern Sea and north to the far Orkneys. His fortress stood on the banks of Loch Ness, the furthest of that chain of lochs that threads a silver

[1] A kind of building, in which a frame-work of twigs is plastered with clay.

[2] Place for common meals. [3] Columba.

way through the mountains of Scotland, from Inverness to Mull.

One day Columba and some of his monks set out. They did not sail together this time in a long boat, but each man had a little coracle of hides on a framework of reeds, in which they paddled across the Sound and up the lakes. When they crossed country the coracles were slung on their shoulders and were a good protection against the drenching rains of the mountains, while at night, if there were no other roof, they often slept warmly in their shelter.

So day by day they journeyed, stopping whenever they came to a lakeside village. Then fierce, red-haired warriors, daubed with woad,[1] would come down to the shore to wonder at these unarmed strangers, who met them without fear, and told them of another God, greater than their gods of war.

Then the monks would paddle on till the sun sank in splendour behind them, washing the rippling wakes of the coracles with gold and throwing long shadows across the glowing purple of the mountains. Sometimes they pressed on through the night, when the moon rose before them and bathed the mountain tops in a soft splendour that lost itself in the lower mists, and they drove a way through a sheet of silver, the only noise that broke the silence the splashing of their paddles as they rounded some dark headland. Then suddenly Columba's great voice would raise a hymn and the others would join

[1] A blue dye, made from the leaves of a plant of that name.

in, and the hills of heathen Scotland echoed to the Christian chant.

So on to Loch Ness and Craig Phadrich's forbidding walls. But when they arrived the gates were shut and barred, and the great king refused to see them. Nothing daunted, Columba and his monks sat them down at the gate and spoke to all who passed that way, and morning and evening they sang their services, while many stood by to listen. At last came the Druids, the priests of the heathen gods, led by Broichan the Arch-Druid, and with curses and incantations they strove to drive away the monks, while they yelled and shouted to drown their singing.

But they could not drown Columba's mighty voice. A mile off it could be heard, and in the fortress itself above the heathen din came pealing the great notes of Christian praise, till Broichan and his Druids turned away defeated.

Then were the gates unbarred, and Columba and his men passed through, the shaggy-haired, painted warriors crowding round them as they made their way into the presence of the great chieftain. Still the Druids would have stopped them, but King Brude was determined to hear their message, and day after day they spoke and talked with him. At last, after many days, it was known that King Brude and many of his people had decided to accept the Christian faith.

THE END

Years passed, and Columba's monastery on the little storm-washed isle on the very furthest edge of

the known world had become a great mission centre, from which missionaries went in all directions, and a famous monastery, to which pilgrims came from far and near. Hardly a day passed but a shout rang across the Straits from Mull, telling of some stranger waiting to be ferried over, or else a boat would hail from Ireland across the seas Columba had first sailed so many years before. Many were the guest rooms and often were they filled, while the tables in the refectory were piled with the good fare that the hospitable monks set out for their guests, even while they themselves lived frugally by their Rule. All were welcome—rich and poor, kings and beggars, broken-hearted mourners, or conscience-stricken sinners, or pagans seeking for the Truth.

The Community, too, had grown from that little band of twelve—"thrice fifty in monastic rule" the ancient ballad says—yet never was there an idle hand on that busy isle.

So for thirty-four years, till he was seventy-six, Columba lived and worked in the land of his exile. All those years of toil he had sought to atone for that fierce act of passion which had brought death to so many of his clansmen.

Often he had faced death himself when his frail coracle battled with the stormy seas of the wild Hebrides, or spun like a cork in the deadly currents of their rocky passages; or when he toiled over lonely mountain paths, groping his way through mists where a false step might hurl him over a hidden precipice; or worst of all, when he faced the wild Picts, their hands still red with the blood of

their enemies. And ever he wrought that fierce Irish spirit into a spirit of fearless daring in the service of his King.

But now he felt that his end was near. One day he climbed the hill overlooking the monastery, the hill that thirty-six years before he had climbed to make sure that at last his beloved Ireland was out of sight. But now the old man looked out over the wild expanse of ocean to where he knew Ireland lay, and then on the other side to the mountains of Scotland, where the faith of Christ was spreading and where already there were other settlements of Christian monks. Then he looked down on his own monastery which had been the beginning of all, and lifting up his hands, he blessed it.

After this he returned to his cell, and went on with the copying of a Psalter in which he was engaged. "They that seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good," he wrote. Then he laid down the pen. "Here," said he, "at the end of the page I must stop; and what follows let Baithene write." [1]

At midnight, when the church bell tolled and the monks came trooping in, they found that Columba had hastened in before them and had fallen before the altar. They lifted him up, and, with the help of his servant, the old man raised his right hand and blessed them—and so the end came. The hero who had walked on many a lone trail now took his last journey into the presence of his King.

[1] With these words Columba was designating his successor.

INTRODUCTION

Columba was born about 521 at Gartan, a wild district in Donegal, North Ireland. He belonged to the Clan Neil and was of the family of the Kings. He was a man of great love and with a wonderful charm even in his boyhood, but he had the characteristic Irish temper. He was ordained deacon and then priest, receiving his education in various monasteries. At the age of twenty-three he returned to the north of Ireland, where he spent the next nineteen years in founding monasteries. The battle which was the cause of his exile was due to two things. First, Columba had secretly made a copy of a Psalter belonging to Abbot Finnian, who promptly claimed the new copy as his own. Diarmid, King of the Southern Neils, was appointed arbitrator, and supported Finnian with the words, "To every cow her own calf: and to every book its own son-book." Columba's heart was sore that Finnian should have the beautiful manuscript, which he had copied and illuminated after so many weeks of patient toil. In the second place, Diarmid violated Columba's right of sanctuary by murdering an enemy who had taken refuge with Columba. Accordingly, the latter summoned the Neils of the North, and at the battle of Cul Dreimhne defeated the Southern Neils, with the result told in this Tale.

Ireland.—Unlike Britain, Ireland was never part of the Roman Empire, so that it was governed in Celtic fashion by clans under their chieftain. Patrick had gone as a missionary from Britain to Ireland a century before Columba, and though most of his life is wrapped in legend, it is clear that he perceived the importance of converting the chiefs and the Druid priests, which he largely did. The result was the founding of many monasteries all over the country, even though many of the people were little more than pagan. In the sixth century, when the Roman Empire was staggering under the blows of barbarian invasion, Ireland was spared and Christianity flourished there.

Picts.—Scotland was at that time inhabited by Picts in the North-West and North and in the Orkneys, Scots in the South-West, and Britons in the South-East. Columba's mission was primarily to the Picts, whom he largely converted. Christianity had already been taken to the Scots and Britons.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. The Pict warriors were brave men themselves. What did they see to marvel at in the courage of the monks?
2. What was the advantage in attacking Druidism at its headquarters?
3. What difference did it make to Columba himself and to his future life that he willingly accepted the punishment of exile?

Books for Reference.—*Early Christian Missions of Ireland, Scotland and England,* by Mrs. Rundle Charles. *The Splendid Quest,* by Basil Mathews. *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

II

A PIONEER OF THE LONE TRAIL

John Eliot

(b. 1604, d. 1690)

AIM.—To show the patience and courage of a man in face of reverses and in opposition to public opinion.

[John Eliot is a character who will readily appeal to the boy for his heroism and courage, but it will be more the courage that faced danger than that which faced unpopularity. Eliot would probably have been just as unpopular to-day. If we can make the boys think out the reality and the value of courageousness like this, it will be a great thing. Eliot's successors felt that it was his attitude which made Christian missions to the Indians possible in after years.]

A LONELY CONTEST

IN a clearing in a New England forest two men stood facing one another in silence. One of them was a Red Indian of magnificient build, whom his feathered head-dress and the lynx-skin oxer his shoulders proclaimed to be the chief or sachem of his tribe. His face was distorted with rage and his hand restlessly fingered the tomahawk at his side as though he would threaten his opponent.

The latter was an Englishman, dressed in the slouch hat and tail coat, the high boots and breeches that were the fashion of three hundred years ago. He was unarmed, but his tall, erect figure matched even the muscular proportions of the Indian, and his fearless eyes met steadily the other's threatening

glare. It was John Eliot, who two or three years before (in the year 1640) had left his parsonage in the little New England town of Roxbury to carry the Gospel to the Indian tribes.

The sunlit grass of the clearing stood out in vivid contrast against the background of dark pine trunks and the deep blue shadows of the forest. Between the forest and the two silent figures sat the whole tribe, watching with immovable features the issue between their chief and the white preacher. The sun gleamed on their copper bodies and flashed from the knives and tomahawks at their sides.

Suddenly the chief spoke in his own language words like these: "Hearken, O paleface! Thou hast come from the great waters bringing mischief to my people, bidding them worship a god that is not theirs, and bringing upon us the wrath of our gods. Nay, but that is not all, for thou biddest my people, whose ways are in the great forest, to dwell in towns, and thou dost turn their hearts from me, so that they should not obey me nor pay me their tribute! Are they not my people? Am not I Cutshamoquin, their mighty sachem?"

The chief's voice rose in anger until the squaws and children stole away in fear, and many among the warriors slipped back into the forest shadows. Had they not been listening to the paleface? What if the wrath of the great chief should fall upon them?

After a moment's pause the Indian went on, and his voice was still louder and more threatening. "Depart by the way thou camest, back to the towns

of the palefaces, back to the great waters, and return no more to trouble me and my people! If thou returnest it shall be at peril of thy life! It is I who say it, the mighty Cutshamoquin!"

Instantly all the warriors who had not slunk away ranged themselves threateningly behind their chief. John Eliot stood alone, but not for one moment did his eyes waver. In a ringing voice that all might hear he answered:

"Thou speakest not truth, O Chief: I seek not to turn thy people from thee. It is their own wish that they should build themselves towns, that they may prosper, even as my people. But from their false gods I do seek to turn them, that they may serve the living and true God. Hearken, O Cutshamoquin! I fear not thee nor all the sachems in the country. Mighty thou art, but there is One with me mightier than thou. On His business I serve, and neither thou nor any other shall stay me." For an instant the chief's face quivered with rage; then suddenly before the fearless determination of the white man's gaze his own eyes fell, and slowly and sulkily he turned away.

THE PRAYING TOWNS

It was a summer day two years later. The silence of the forest on the banks of the Charles River was broken by the sound of axes and hammers. It was a strange sight. Moccasined Indian warriors who had known no humbler toil than the wild pursuit of the bison across the prairie, the tracking of the moose deer through the forest, or the fierce excitement of

driving a tomahawk through the skull of their enemy, now steadily swung the axe and plied the saw. To and fro among them moved John Eliot. Now he would stop to show an Indian how to hew a tree, now to tell others how to square the fallen timber, while others at his direction lifted the logs on their shoulders and carried them to the river bank.

Eliot's heart glowed as he saw the houses springing up beneath the Indians' busy hands. This was not an English settlement, but one of the Indian towns which he had taught the Indians to build. He felt that before they could understand the Christian life, they would have to be lifted out of their degraded ways and customs and their life of slothfulness, and be taught to enjoy a busy, industrious existence.

Many of the colonists shook their heads over the mad adventure (as they called it), but Eliot went on his way unmoved. Although he had been working amongst them for only five years, the Indians trusted him. His tall, strong figure and burning eloquence called out their hearty admiration. Even his enemies yielded to his influence. The great Cutshamoquin himself was now one of the "Praying Indians."

The "Praying Towns" were a complete success. Chief among them was Naticke, as they called the settlement on the Charles River. Beside the river were cornfields and orchards, and along its bank avenues of elms, chestnuts, and sycamores. The town stretched in three streets on either side, with its chapel and schoolhouse, while near by, as a de-

fence against sudden attack, was a strong palisaded fort. On market days in neighbouring towns the Indians from the "Praying Towns" trooped in with their produce, vegetables, and fruit, and baskets of all sorts which Eliot had taught them to weave from the long osiers of the marshes. The "Praying Indians" were the most prosperous in the country.

In a corner of the large storeroom where the hunters brought their furs, a little space was curtained off, in which were a bed and a chair and table. This was John Eliot's room, where he worked and studied while the Indians went to and fro, always ready to rise from his books to talk to a moccasined hunter.

What was the power behind Eliot's work? A stranger who happened to visit the first of Eliot's "Praying Towns" discovered the secret. "It was very early in the morning," he wrote, "I saw an old man kneeling on the grass outside the walls; his hands were clasped and he was so engaged that he heard me not."

THE WAR WITH PHILIP

It was the year 1674. For nearly forty years John Eliot had been carrying on his work. All over the country he was honoured and loved as "The Apostle to the Indians." But this year a gloom lay upon all the land; it was the shadow of war. Philip, the great chieftain of the Pequots, who had been so nearly exterminated by the English forty years before, was now plotting against the colonists. He was a proud and fierce man who hated the strangers

who were gradually eating up the land of his people and driving them further and further from the coast, and the flame of his anger was fanned fiercely by the overbearing cruelty of the white men.

One day an Indian squaw with her baby was passing down the river in a canoe. A boatload of English sailors, who had heard that a papoose could swim before it could walk, overturned the frail canoe with a blow of an oar and laughed at the helpless effort of the little child as it was drawn under by the swiftcurrent. Quick as a flash the Indian mother dived after her drowning baby and brought it safe to shore, only to see it die a day or two later from the shock.

Deeds like these were like fuel to the flame of the Indians' hate.

At last the crisis came. One of Philip's followers revealed to the English his master's plans for war, and not long after the traitor was slain by two Pequot warriors. These, however, were arrested by the English, and put on their trial for murder. In the middle of the proceedings, Philip burst into the court.

"Are not these my people?" he exclaimed fiercely to the judge. "If they have committed crime it is I, their chief, and not you, who should judge them." He looked a fine figure as he fearlessly faced his enemies, but his protests were in vain and his followers were condemned to death. All felt that war was now inevitable. Some welcomed it; some even advocated the extermination of the Indians.

But the heart of John Eliot was very heavy. He

and his Indians at Naticke had addressed a letter to the English rulers at Plymouth, asking them to come to terms with the Indians, but all to no purpose. One attempt had been made, but Philip rejected it scornfully. "I am a king," he replied. "Let your King Charles send to me and I will listen, but I deal not with his servants." John Eliot felt that only one course was yet untried. He would go and see Philip himself and plead for peace. It was a bold step. War was all but proclaimed, and he would be putting himself into the hands of a powerful and quite unscrupulous enemy, who might be glad to have so influential a hostage. But John Eliot had no thought for himself.

Pakeunit, one of the "Praying Towns," was situated on the banks of the Merrimac, not far from Mount Hope, Philip's headquarters. There, then, Eliot went, and on an appointed day went across to the Indians' fort.

It was a strange meeting. Philip met him, attended by his chiefs. He was dressed like them except that he wore a silver-laced tunic, and like them he was fully armed. He was a man in the prime of life, of splendid physique, famous even among his own countrymen for his strength and endurance, but his princely face was fierce with bitter jealousy and the lust of war. To meet him came the missionary quite unarmed. His frame too had been inured by long hardships, and even seventy years had not served to bow his tall figure. He met the fierce flash of the Indian's eye with a calm look of utter fearlessness.

The last time Eliot had visited the prince it had been to tell him the message of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but Philip had utterly rejected him. Stepping up to him he had taken hold of a button on his coat. "I care as much for your Gospel," he had said, "as I do for this button." But though he had rejected his message, the chief respected the missionary himself and listened now to what he had to say.

But it was too late. Fiercely Philip answered him. "Before the palefaces came were not my people as the summer leaves of the forest? Now they are few, their lands are taken, their warriors slain. Am I not their sachem, a king and a son of kings? Yet do the palefaces treat me as one of their dogs. It is too late. The tribes of my country are sworn for vengeance; their warriors are waiting. Let but my hand light the spark and a flame shall spread through the country that will consume thy people."

Eliot could only plead with him to spare the Indian Christians, and even for that he could get no promise. Sick at heart he returned to Pakeunit.

Suddenly the storm broke. Two or three lonely bands of settlers were surprised and murdered. From hill to hill the Indian watch-fires blazed and in every town the garrison kept anxious watch. Then the news came that Quanonchet, the mighty sachem of the Narragansets, had thrown in his lot with Philip.

Day by day the position of the Indian Christians became increasingly difficult. Hated by their fel-

low-countrymen for their neutrality, and suspected by the English, their lot was a very hard one. Suddenly, without warning, Philip attacked them; all their orchards and farms were destroyed, and several of their towns sacked. Meanwhile the English deported the whole population of Naticke from the Charles River and interned them. Then the suspicion which had fallen on his converts began to be attached to Eliot himself, and the man whose name had once been honoured above all others in the colony was now abused as a traitor.

But John Eliot would not be turned aside. He would not treat all alike, but could distinguish between friend and foe. Especially did he feel he had a duty to those Indians to whom he stood as father, and who, on account of their loyalty to what he had taught them, were hated by both sides.

At last the thing he most dreaded happened. The strain was too great for the converts. Finding their neutrality rewarded by cruelty and suspicion, many turned from their faith and joined their fellow-countrymen, while others rid themselves of unpopularity by joining the English forces. The old peaceful communities were gone, and Christians found themselves in opposite camps.

BEGINNING AGAIN

Three years had passed and the war was over. Philip had fallen, fighting to the last. Quanonchet was dead, and the Pequots and Narragansets were almost exterminated.

But complete ruin had fallen upon the life-work

of John Eliot. The few Christian Indians left were scattered far and wide, and most of the "Praying Towns" had been utterly destroyed.

Eliot was now seventy-two. He had hoped by this time to be enjoying his old age among his loved converts. But it was not to be. All had to be begun again. With the same courage as in his youth, he went forth into the forest and through the wilds to win new converts. But his task was far more difficult now. Many of his friends had been slain, and many under the oppression and injustice of the colonists had fled to the interior. Besides this, there were some who called him traitor for caring for those who so lately had been his people's enemies. But the old man kept his way unmoved and undaunted.

At last his reward came. Touched by his courage and earnestness, and above all by his tenderness and love for them, the Indians responded to him. The "Praying Towns" were built again and prospered.

As he lay dying John Eliot spoke these words: "My memory, my tongue, my hand, my pen fail me—but my love holds out still."

INTRODUCTION

On December 21, 1620, a sailing vessel lay at anchor in a bay of the North American coast. It was the good ship *Mayflower,* which had sailed from England some months before. Soon a boat-load of serious-faced men, dressed in the Puritan garb of the seventeenth century, rowed ashore to see what prospect there was of a settlement at this spot. When they returned with a good report the rest of the passengers landed. With this little band of 102 men and women began the colony of Plymouth in Massachusetts Bay.

Their task was a hard one. The climate was very rigorous, the ground had to be cleared of forest growth, and the settlers had

to pay an exorbitant interest of 45 per cent. to the London Company under which they had sailed. Their relations with the Indian tribes constituted a further difficulty. Although in the Charter, granted to them by Charles I. in the year 1629, the conversion of the Indian tribes was definitely set out as part of the object of their settlement, it seemed for some time utterly impossible to undertake this. Twenty years of unremitting toil had given them only a somewhat precarious grip on the coast lands, and constantly they were forced to fight for their existence against the Indians. In each war the discipline of the English had finally triumphed, but many settlers had been murdered with their families in the more lonely parts, while some Indian tribes had been practically exterminated. So bitter was the feeling, that most of the colonists despaired of the conversion of so utterly degraded and cruel a people. There were, however, here and there men who felt the call to carry the Gospel to the Indians, and in the year 1640, John Eliot, the pastor of Roxbury, determined to make the attempt. He was a man whose fine physique and dignified manner gave him great influence with the Indians, and he was in all ways the pioneer of American missions.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Was Eliot rash in his defiance of Cutshamoquin, or was his trust in God's power reasonable?
2. In what types of modern missionary work can we find a parallel to "the Praying Towns"?
3. Which did it require the greater courage to face, the enmity of Philip or the disapproval of his own countrymen?
4. Remembering that the attitude of the English is that of most people, do you think Eliot was right in what he did?

Book for Reference.—*Lives of Eminent Missionaries,* by Carne.

Scripture Passage.—1 Cor. xiii: 4–8.

III

THE KING'S HAMMERMAN

Robert Morrison

(Date of Incidents, 1807 and 1817)

AIM.—To show how Morrison, in the face of difficulty and danger, did "hammerwork" for the King of Kings.

[CHINA had closed her doors against the Gospel. Those doors had to be opened, and some one had to do it. It was certain to prove a slow and dangerous task. Some one would have to hammer away on the long-closed doors until they opened—would have to use his strength and possibly lose his life in doing it, and perhaps fail in the end. Morrison resolved that he would be the man.]

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

IT was a dreary April day more than a hundred years ago. Within a few miles of New York a ship crept slowly through a dense fog. All day long she had tacked backwards and forwards, hoping to catch a glimpse of the land, but the grey mist seemed to enfold her more closely than ever. Again she put about and stood in towards where the shore was supposed to be. The captain restlessly paced the deck, and the look-out peered anxiously forward.

"Keep her at that," called the skipper to the steersman, "we'll hold on for a few minutes longer."

"Sail to leeward!" came the warning shout, and suddenly a few lengths away a strange vessel loomed in sight.

"Touch and go that time," said the captain as the vessels cleared each other by a few yards. "Give her a hail, lad," he added, turning to one of the crew.

"Ship ahoy!" sang out the sailor. "What name and whither bound?"

Indistinctly through the fog came the reply, but only the word "China" could be distinguished.

In the cabin a grave-looking man was reading a letter, and as "China" fell on his ears he started up and rushed on deck.

"Whither is she bound?" he asked breathlessly.

"To China," answered one of the crew. "At least that's what we make out."

A look of disappointment crossed the man's face as he leaned upon the rail and gazed wistfully after the vessel already vanishing in the fog. Would that he had been on board her! Nearly three months before, he had left the Thames and had come across all those weary miles of ocean in the hope of finding a vessel to bear him to that far-off land, and here was one passing every moment farther from him. His heart grew sore when he thought of the months he might yet have to wait. Would he never see the land of his heart's desire?

A moment he stood in silence and then, as if gathered by unseen hands, the fog slowly lifted. The strange vessel had put about on another tack and was making for port. After all she was *from* China.

Robert Morrison's heart beat wildly. He was not too late. In a few short weeks she would sail again for the Far East.

SEEKING A SHIPOWNER

With deep thankfulness he stepped ashore and at once sought out his friends. They had waited long and anxiously for him, rather curious to see the kind of man who had resolved to go as a missionary to China. No Englishman had ever done such a thing before. Only traders went to China, and even these found difficulty in being allowed to remain on the shores of the great, forbidden land. It was no wonder that Robert Morrison could find no shipowner in England willing to take such a passenger. If the object of his going to China were known, he would certainly be refused a landing.

But that could not daunt the brave heart of Morrison. For years he had prepared himself for the task, and ever he felt that God was directing his steps as he pressed onwards.

Three weeks later he set out to visit the office of a shipowner who had agreed to give him a passage on his ship that was sailing that day. Along the busy street he hurried with eager steps. Crowds jostled him, vehicles of all kinds lumbered by; the noises of a great city beat in upon him, but Morrison scarcely felt or heard them. In a few hours he would be outward bound for China!

At last he came to the place he sought. He knocked at the door, and was ushered into the presence of the man whose fleets did most of the trade between America and China. He was busy at his desk, but looked up as Morrison entered. "Be seated, Mr. Morrison," he said, glancing keenly

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at the tall, spare figure before him. His tone was cold, and a half-amused smile played around his lips. Here was a most unusual passenger. "The papers are here ready for your signature," he continued, and forthwith he laid them out before Morrison.

"I EXPECT GOD WILL"

As the merchant watched him read the documents, he could not but admire the keen, enthusiastic look in his eyes, though he considered him a poor, deluded fool to embark on such a wild, hopeless quest. "And so, Mr. Morrison," he said, smiling to himself as he turned from his desk and pushed the signed papers from him, "you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?" Morrison rose to his feet. "No, sir," he replied with more than usual sternness, "I expect God will." The man of money looked abashed at the simple faith of the dauntless Englishman.

"I expect *God* will," muttered the ship-owner as his visitor left him. "Curious idea!" and he turned to his desk again. "I know God will," said Morrison again and again as he made his way to the shore where a boat lay waiting to take him to the ship.

A CRISIS IN CANTON

Ten years had passed, and in a little room overlooking the Canton River Robert Morrison sat at his desk. He was busy at his great task of translating the Bible into the Chinese language. Day

A GREAT MONUMENT TO THE GENIUS OF ROBERT MORRISON ARE THE BUSY COMMERCIAL STREETS OF CHINA THROWN OPEN TO THE WORLD AS THE RESULT OF THE OPEN DOOR TO THE GOSPEL.

by day he had gone on, and already the New Testament had been printed and secretly carried to distant parts of the Empire. Whence came these books that told the story of one Jesus? The mandarins had orders to find out and arrest those who were spreading this new religion. Robert Morrison heard the edict unmoved. He had lived in constant danger since he first set foot on Chinese ground, and he was not afraid. "I hope the Almighty arm, which has been my defence heretofore, will still preserve me from evil," he wrote at this time, and in that high hope he went bravely on.

On this particular morning he had not been long at work when suddenly the door was flung open and a Chinaman, trembling with fear, rushed in. "Oh, honourable master," he exclaimed, "we are betrayed. It is death for us and exile for you."

"What hath chanced?" asked Morrison calmly.

"An evil thing, my master. There hath been a quarrel among the workmen at the printing-house, and one in revenge hath taken a printed sheet of your writing to the magistrate."

"And what of it, friend?"

"The Tso-tang [1] hath sent his police runners to the house, and they have seized the books and carried off the types. Worse will follow, for, O honourable one, thou well knowest the Imperial Edict against all who aid a foreigner in the printing of books in our language."

"It is true," answered Morrison sadly; "we are indeed sorely beset. But fear not, for God whom

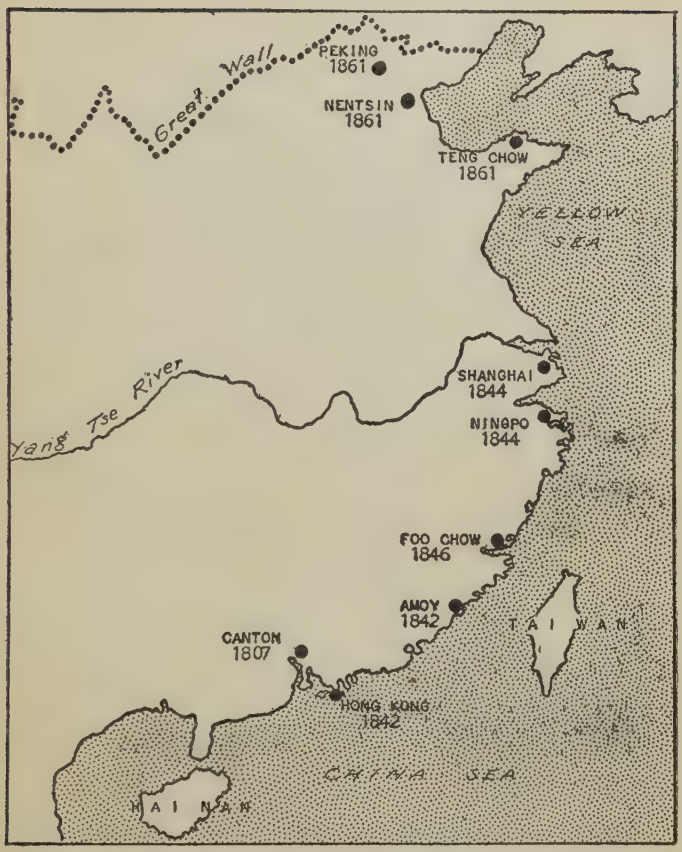
[1] Tso-tang is the Chinese name for a district magistrate.

we serve will not forsake us in this our hour of danger. Keep your eyes and ears open, and let me know how the affair moves."

The man withdrew, leaving Robert Morrison to grapple with the danger. He got up and paced slowly to and fro. In his mind there rose before him all that had befallen him in those ten years of toil and hardship. He saw himself housed in miserable quarters, poring by candlelight over hard, dreary books, slowly mastering the difficulties of the Chinese language. The scene changed, and he saw himself walking abroad in the streets; crowds jeered and mocked at him; he tried to preach, and was sternly forbidden to open his mouth on pain of being driven from the country. When he wanted books to aid him in his work, none dared sell to him. By stealth a servant would obtain a volume and secretly bring it to him. More than once his library had been hurriedly hidden for fear of capture by the authorities. Only a few faithful men held true to him, and now these were named for arrest. For ten long, weary years he had laboured to do this people good and they would have none of him. The door was shut as fast as ever, and, hammer at it as he might, it would not open.

DELIVERANCE AT LAST

"But it will open yet," said Robert Morrison doggedly to himself, "and there must be a way out of this present danger." He drew his lips tight and knitted his brow. All at once an idea seemed to strike him. He took up pen and paper and wrote



THE CHINSES PROVINCES, SHOWING ONLY THE TOWNS MENTIONED IN THE TALES, BEGINNING WITH CANTON WHERE ROBERT MORRISON INTRODUCED CHRISTIANITY TO THE CHINESE IN 1807.

rapidly. Presently he called a trusted Chinese servant. "Take this letter," he said, "and give it to the Chief of the English Factory. He is a strong man and friendly disposed towards us. If anyone can move the authorities, it is he." The servant bowed and retired.

Days of weary waiting passed. Hope and fear alternated. The police still claimed their booty; the lives of Morrison's friends hung in the balance, and his own future was uncertain. Fervently he prayed for deliverance, and at last the answer came. His books and types would be returned, but the Viceroy ordained that no native should assist the foreigner in the cutting and printing of Chinese characters.

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THE DOOR HAMMERED OPEN

All that happened long ago. The proud Viceroy is gone: the mighty Emperor has passed away: Robert Morrison lies in a lonely grave in far-off Macao,[1] but his work goes on. To-day we behold what was to him only a vision—China's door opened to let the Gospel in; five thousand missionaries at work within its wide domain; three hundred and fifty thousand Chinese men and women following the Christ. The hammerman of the King of Kings has his reward.

INTRODUCTION

Robert Morrison was born in Northumberland in 1782. His father was then a farm labourer, but shortly after he opened a last and boot-tree shop in Newcastle. At school Robert proved

[1] Pronounce "Ma-cow."

an extremely dull scholar—almost a dunce. He had to leave school when fourteen years old to earn his daily bread; and was bound as apprentice to his father. A year later he gave himself to Christ. He became very diligent in all he undertook, and usually had a lesson book open before him on his workshop bench. When nineteen he thought of being a missionary. With this object he began to study very hard to make up for his lack of education. Two years later he entered college, and in 1804 the London Missionary Society accepted him as its pioneer to China. This demanded special preparation, and Morrison spared no pains to equip himself thoroughly, studying both medicine and astronomy that he might have more influence when he got to China. He engaged a Chinese student, who was living in London, to teach him the language. The task proved fearfully difficult, but he wrote: "If this language is capable of being surmounted by human zeal and patience, I mean to make the experiment." About this time Morrison found there was, in the British Museum, a manuscript copy of most of the New Testament in Chinese. He set to work to study it, and with tremendous perseverance made himself a copy of it. He reached Canton September 18, 1807—the first Protestant missionary to enter China. By 1819 he had completed his translation of the Bible. In 1822 he finished a six-volume Chinese dictionary. He also printed and published a Chinese grammar and a number of other books. He laboured for twenty-seven years, and was buried in Macao.

Morrison's own words: "Jesus, I have given myself to Thy service. The question with me is, 'Where shall I serve?' I learn from Thy word that it is Thy holy pleasure that the Gospel should be preached 'in all the world.' . . . When I survey the field, O Lord, my Master, I perceive that by far the greater part is entirely without labourers. . . . My desire is to engage where labourers are most wanted." He also expressed a desire "that God would station him in that part of the mission field where the difficulties were the greatest, and, to all human appearance, the most insurmountable."

The Chinese Empire is the most ancient in the world. Many centuries B. C. Chinese villages had their schools and towns their academies. The people dressed in ample and beautiful garments —often of embroidered silk—when the inhabitants of the British Isles were almost naked savages. Two thousand years ago the Chinese rivalled the Romans as road-makers, and outdid them as wall-builders. Printing was invented by a Chinese blacksmith before the battle of Hastings. The vast ancient literature is in many ways unique. No nation has had such a long and wonderful history. No nation has greater cause to be proud of its past.

When the first Europeans reached China in the Middle Ages, they were welcomed. In the sixteenth century Portuguese and other European pirates ravaged the coasts of China, and the Chinese came to look upon all foreigners as their foes, calling them "barbarians" and "foreign devils." A little later Roman Catholic missionaries went out and made a number of converts, but the authorities and many of the people distrusted them just

because they were foreign, and suspected them of being spies who would one day betray China to invading armies. So in 1724 the Emperor issued an edict against Christianity.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why was the door of China closed?
2. What made Morrison so eager to open it?
3. Why did Morrison spend so much time in translation?

Books for Reference.—*Robert Morrison,* by W. J. Townsend; *Cleaving the Rock,* by T. D. Rutherford.

Scripture Passage.—Isa. xiv: 2. 3.

IV

WITH THE TIGER OF MYSORE

Christian Frederick Schwartz

(b. 1726, d. 1798)

AIM.—To show the power of a simple Christian life in gaining the confidence and respect of men of all kinds and creeds.

[The character of Schwartz does not readily appeal to the boy, because of the quietness and gentleness of his nature. What will capture the boy's imagination is the strength and inflexibility of purpose, underlying the gentleness, which made men trust Schwartz in a crisis and won for him the admiration of the bloodthirsty but able Rajah of Mysore.]

AT THE TIGER'S COURT

THE courtyard of the palace at Seringapatam was crowded with a busy throng. The dazzling Indian sunshine made a brilliant picture of the many-coloured garments and flashing accoutrements of the soldiers, the white robes of the merchants, and the brown bodies of the peasants, and threw deep shadows into the white-walled offices down each side of the square, where the officials of state and army carried on their business.

Suddenly, above the hum of voices, rose the shrill scream of a man. In the centre of the square two soldiers were scourging a victim tied to the whipping-post. At each blow of the lash the blood spurted from his bare back, but neither the sight of the blood nor the screaming of the man drew

any sympathy from the crowd. It was a daily sight: only one of the Rajah's officials being punished. At length the soldiers lowered their whips, but not to stop. Worse was to follow, and the curious pressed closer. The bleeding back was torn with pointed nails and lashed again till the screams and curses died into unconsciousness. No one showed any pity, but in every face there was a look of fear, as from time to time they glanced up at a dark, cruel-looking man reclining on cushions in the cool shadow of a marble balcony.

It was Hyder Ali, the tyrant usurper of Mysore. His deep-set, restless eyes noted every detail that took place beneath him, but showed no further interest in the scourging than to see that his orders were carried out to the full. From time to time other officials appeared before him to answer for their work, and on every face there was already the fear of the condemned prisoner. At any moment the fate of the man below might be their own. The Tiger of Mysore did not spare even his own sons.

Presently a name was announced, and the tyrant's eyes turned expectantly to the entrance to the balcony. The man who came towards him was in striking contrast to his surroundings. He was a European, tall and slight, and his silvery-white hair emphasised the gentleness of his face.

He too had been a witness of the terrible scene in the courtyard. Even as he came in the soldiers were carrying away the broken, quivering thing that had been a man. The white man's face was drawn with horror and pain, but as he turned to Hyder, the

tyrant started to meet the utter frankness and fearlessness of those calm blue eyes, which returned him gaze for gaze. It was Christian Schwartz, "the good Father," as the natives called him, the missionary of Tanjore.

It was at Hyder's own request that he had been sent to him as the British envoy. "Do not send me any of your agents," he had written to the English Council at Madras, "for I do not trust their word or treaties; but if you wish me to listen to your proposals, send to me the missionary, of whose character I hear so much from everyone—him I will receive and trust."

It had been in the hope of securing peace and of planting the standard of the Cross in the unreached country of Mysore, that Schwartz had agreed to go. He had given no thought to the extreme dangers of the way.

The Rajah looked with interest at his visitor. This gentle-faced old man was not the sort of man he would have expected to be fearless. Yet he had heard how, even already, he had preached his strange doctrine to the Rajah's people and had held his services without even applying for a permit and without fear of the consequences. But, strangest of all, he was a man who had not his price. The richest bribe could not tempt him. It was little indeed that the court of Seringapatam had experienced of men like this one.

At a signal from the Rajah the missionary seated himself at his side and delivered to him the letter in his charge. When their official business was over,

Hyder begged him to speak to him the message he had already preached to his people. It was a strange request, but gladly did the missionary agree, and fearlessly he spoke to the tyrant and his court of their sins. The man who had waded to his throne through the blood of his enemies listened in silence to the Gospel of the love of God.

On his return, Hyder gave his guest a safe-conduct. "Permit the venerable padre," he wrote, "to pass unmolested, and show him respect and kindness; for he is a holy man."

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IN THE GRIP OF FAMINE

It was the year 1781 and the city of Tanjore was starving. The negotiations carried out two years before by Schwartz had fallen through, and war had suddenly broken out between the English and their ally Tulsi, the Rajah of Tanjore, on the one side, and the Rajah of Mysore with his French allies on the other. As usual, the Madras Government was quite unprepared, and almost without resistance the Tiger of Mysore swept down into the plains of the Carnatic at the head of an army a hundred thousand strong. The smoke of burning villages marked his path, and thousands of the inhabitants were carried into captivity.

In the meantime the constant flow of fugitive people was increasing alarmingly the population of Tanjore, and soon the town was in the grip of famine. Men and women were dying in the streets and were being buried in crowds outside the town in

trenches dug for the purpose. Parents tried to sell their children for food, others offered themselves as slaves for the smallest morsel. At last all distinctions disappeared. The haughty Brahman, who felt himself defiled by contact with men of a lower caste, now mingled even with the outcaste pariah, the lowest of the low—the "untouchable," as he had always called him. The proud Mohammedan forgot his contempt for the Hindu and his hatred of the Christian. What did these differences matter now? They were all starving.

And yet the land was not without food. In the country there was plenty of grain: the difficulty was to obtain bullocks to bring it in. Nowhere was a bullock to be found. The Rajah of Tanjore sent orders, his officials threatened and persuaded by turns, even the English officer in command tried his authority—but all to no purpose. The inhabitants of the country stood firm in their refusal. Well they knew the ways of the Rajah's officials, their oppressions, their dishonesty, their promises as easily broken as made. The risk was too great. In all probability many bullocks would fall into the hands of the invaders and there would be no chance of compensation. Indeed, if there were any payment at all, most of it would go into the purses of the officials. Accordingly they drove away their bullocks, and refused to help the starving city.

There matters were growing worse every day. Hitherto the garrison had been provisioned, but even their store had given out. They were skeleton soldiers who now walked the streets, powerless to keep

order, powerless to resist the enemy should they arrive. Even as they walked many fell down by the way and died, till the streets were lined with corpses, and none had the strength or desire to take them out and bury them. A worse evil now threatened. Plague was treading upon the heels of famine.

THE LAST RESORT

At last the Rajah consulted with one of the leading English officers. "We all," he said, "have lost our credit; let us try whether the inhabitants will trust Mr. Schwartz."

What was their hope? The gentle, white-haired old man had no eloquence with which he might persuade the people, no wealth with which to back his promises, no authority to compel where the Rajah of Tanjore and the British authority had failed. Yet it was with a hopeful heart that the Rajah sent Mr. Schwartz a blank paper, with power to make any agreement he liked. No time was to be lost. Almost immediately the Christian natives were sent out in all directions to the villages, bearing letters from the missionary. The villagers came together to their village council. "What is the new message?" they asked. "Is it from 'the good Father'? Then we will hear it." The letter was read. "Come to our help," he had written, "or the whole city will perish. I myself promise that all shall be paid and paid in full—if necessary with my own hands. For any bullock that is lost or captured there shall be compensation."

Immediately there came a response. It was the

word of "the good Father": they trusted him. For years he had been amongst them preaching his strange doctrine. It had been hard to believe that men could be as holy as his teaching taught them to be, but him at least they knew to be holy. Their Brahman teachers would say, "Only let money be offered to anyone, and all his good resolutions perish." But "the good Father" could not be bought. His word had never been broken. Nor did he oppress them. Though he was a sahib, though he was the friend of rajahs and great men, yet he was no less the friend of the poorest and humblest, caring for them and ministering to them in their need. Had they not heard how already for weeks he had been feeding hundreds of starving men and women from a store of rice his own foresight and his own purse had provided for that very purpose?

As if by magic bullocks appeared. Through the gates of the city they streamed, bearing the precious grain, barely protected by the soldiers from being plundered by the starving crowds. The country people, hitherto so indifferent, now risked even their lives to bring in food as quickly as possible. In two days over a thousand bullocks had crowded through the famine-stricken streets and the storehouses were heaped with grain. The city was saved. Then day by day "the good Father" received the farmers' accounts, till each man had been paid to the last anna.

"Did any of the Christians whom I sent extort bribes or oppress you?" Schwartz asked some farmers.

"No, sahib," they replied. Then they added, wonderingly, "Nay, more; we offered them a present for their goodness, and they refused it."

Schwartz smiled at their wondering faces, but his heart rejoiced to think that the Christian life was being shown to these people not only by foreigners, but by men of their own race, men whose ways and thoughts were even as their own.

He knew it was the beginning of that which would one day bring the millions of India to serve and love the King he loved and served.

INTRODUCTION

Christian Frederick Schwartz was born in 1726 at Sonnenburg in Prussia, and was ordained in 1749. The next year he sailed as a missionary to the Danish mission at Tranquebar. He had long desired to work in Tanjore, and in 1769 he won the lifelong friendship of the Rajah of that city, by securing through the British his release from the Nawab of Arcot; and from that time Tanjore was his headquarters. Shortly before his death the Rajah of Tanjore entrusted to Schwartz the education of his son, and it was owing to the missionary's protection that the boy was saved from the plots of his uncle (who was regent) and eventually succeeded to the throne. After Schwartz's death in 1798 the young Rajah erected a monument to his memory, and, though he never became a Christian, yet daily he would stand before this monument as a token of his respect for the character of the holy man who had been a father to him.

Hyder Ali was a soldier-adventurer, the son of a "naik" (police constable). He was born in 1702, but it was not until he was forty-seven years old that he came into prominence. His ability attracted the attention of the minister of the Maharajah of Mysore, and he was given an independent military command. In twelve years he was in all but name Rajah of Mysore. He was a bitter enemy of the English, whom he accused of a breach of faith towards him, and when in 1778 war was declared between England and France and the English determined to drive the French from India, Hyder Ali allied himself with the French. He was the most formidable rival the English have ever had in India.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Do you think that the attitude of Schwartz, apart from his words, would teach Hyder anything about Christianity?

2. How did the Hindus' appreciation of the character of Schwartz influence their business relations?

3. What was it that the lives of the Christian natives taught the Hindus that even Schwartz's life could not teach them?

Books for Reference.—*Lives of Eminent Missionaries,* by Carne. *A History of Missions in India,* by Richter (translated).

Scripture Passage.—Matt. v:16.

V

THE HEROINE OF THE GOLDEN CITY

Ann Judson

(b. 1789, d. 1826.)

AIM.—To show how divine strength can be shown by human weakness.

[Most people choose their tasks according to the powers they believe themselves to possess: only a few have the faith to believe that, if the task be from God, the power needed will be forthcoming. The tasks that faced Ann Judson were so overwhelming, and her endurance so superhuman, that it is manifest that she sought and found a power beyond her own. An introduction to this Tale might be made by asking the boys if they have made up their minds what they are going to be, and whether a man ought to choose what he thinks he *can* do, or what he thinks God wants him to do—whether it seems too hard or not.]

A DIFFICULT DECISION

THE mud banks of the Irrawaddy were caked and cracked in the terrible heat, and in Rangoon, the great port of Burma, the leaf-thatched, tumble-down bamboo houses were scorched and dried, till a mere spark would have set them all ablaze. It was a day late in June in the year 1817, and the rains were long overdue. On the heels of the drought the dreaded scourge of the East, the cholera plague, had laid its deadly hold upon the town. Unchecked it stalked through the narrow, dirty streets, and up the muddy, fever-bearing creeks which intersected the town, till every road was lined with corpses, and all day long the death-drum rolled.

Now and then a cannon boomed from the Burmese Governor's house, and at the signal a fearful din arose, men and women shouting and beating their houses with sticks to frighten the plague spirit away.

Through the noisy, plague-ridden streets a tall, graceful woman in European dress slowly made her way till she reached the harbour. Eagerly she scanned the ships anchored in the stream or moored on the quays, and then, shading her eyes, gazed long and anxiously down the river. At last, with a weary sigh, she turned away. Ann Judson's heart was weighed down with a more crushing anxiety than any she had had to face in the four difficult years during which she and her husband had been settled as missionaries in Rangoon—an anxiety that made her forget for a moment even the dreadful horror reigning in the city. Seven months before on that quay she had wished her husband good-bye. He had only intended to be absent for three months, but not a word had she heard of him since that day, except that his ship had never reached its port. She could only hope against hope that he was still alive.

Slowly and wearily she retraced her steps through the town to the mission-house in its shady compound. A decision was being forced upon her, and one she had no heart to face.

Since her husband's departure disaster had followed disaster. Fortunately the cholera had as yet claimed no victim from the mission compound, but death thronged its gates. Then, too, there was rumour of war between the Bengal Government and Burma, and, although they were all American citi-

zens, her husband's fellow-missionary had been arrested and cross-examined and only released by a direct appeal to the Governor. All the English ships had made haste to leave the port, and that day only one was left, and that one due to sail in a few days. With it would go the last chance of leaving Rangoon. The other two missionaries had decided to seize the chance, and urged her to come with them.

But Mrs. Judson would not consent. For four years Rangoon had been her home, and though she remembered how she had shivered at the frightful accounts she had heard of the savage cruelty of the country to which they were bound, she and her husband had devoted their lives to the work, and she could not bear to leave it.

True, there had not been a single convert, but that was only another reason why she could not go. She would be the only Christian witness in the land.

So she argued, but still they pressed her. "Think of the loneliness," they said, "the danger, your helplessness if war should break out. Besides, you will be cut off from your husband should he be alive."

At last she yielded to their persuasions, and made preparations to depart. In a few days she was standing on the deck of the English ship, watching with a heavy heart the fast-receding houses of the town that had been her home and where her life-work lay. Long after the houses were out of sight her eyes lingered on the great gilded spire of the Golden Temple of Buddha, gleaming high above the city.

For several days the ship leisurely pursued its way

down stream, calling here and there on the way, but at last one day Mrs. Judson felt the swell of the open sea and knew that soon every opportunity of return would be gone. "Had she decided rightly?" she kept asking herself.

Suddenly the ship swung round and headed back up the river to the port she had just left. She had been loaded badly, and could never weather the Indian Ocean.

Ann Judson felt that this chance had been given her by God, and her mind was made up. She would return! She persuaded the captain to send her back in a small boat, and once more she settled down in the mission-house at Rangoon that had so long been her home.

She was the only missionary in Burma, and a woman! Her only European companion was a little Dutch girl, who was her adopted daughter, and who had returned with her. Dangers circled her round, dangers of disease, of unpopularity, and, maybe, the greatest of all, the dangers of war. Yet as day by day she went about her work in the little mission-house, her heart was calm and unafraid. She knew that God had called her back, and He would keep her.

She was right. Only a few days had passed when news came that her husband's ship had been driven out of its course, and that he was returning by the shortest way possible. In a week or two he was at her side again.

As they talked over all that had happened, they again prayed together the prayer they had so often

prayed before, "God grant that we may live and die among the Burmese, though we should never do anything else than smooth the way for others."

THE TEST

The "golden city" of Ava, the capital of Burma, was in a ferment of excitement. It was always a gay throng that crowded its streets, nobles with their attendant lictors clearing the way, tradesmen and peasants, stalwart Shans from the mountains, picturesque in their baggy blue or white trousers and tattooed down to their ankles, and, brightest of all, pretty, dark-eyed Burmese women, in their richly coloured clinging robes, their jet-black hair wreathed with fragrant coco-blossom and showing in vivid contrast against their delicately tinted parasols, which flashed in the crowd in all the colours of the rainbow. But now there was an added interest. It was the year 1824, and the British had declared war on Burma, and the glitter of Oriental uniforms and the bustle of soldiery dominated the streets of Ava.

Already had the invincible general Bandoola sailed down the Irrawaddy in a great fleet with an army of ten thousand men, carrying a pair of golden fetters in which he would lead the Governor-General of India to "the golden feet" of Burma's king.

Through the crowded streets a tall woman in European dress pushed her way, attended by two soldiers. The crowd stopped to stare at the only foreign woman Ava had ever seen. It was Ann Judson. Three months before she and her husband

had left the little church of eighteen people in Rangoon in charge of newly arrived missionaries, and, at the invitation of the king, had settled in Ava, three hundred and fifty miles up the Irrawaddy. It had long been their dream to get the standard of Christ planted in the very heart of the country, and not even the threat of war had deterred them. But news had come that Rangoon had fallen to the British, and immediately there was the cry, "Who are the spies?" In the general suspicion, disaster had fallen on the American missionaries.

Presently the little party reached the house of the Governor of the city, and, on showing her order of admittance, Mrs. Judson was soon in the Governor's presence.

"What can I do for you?" he asked courteously.

"I have come for my husband," she replied. "He and his fellow-missionary have been arrested with the other foreigners and are now in the death-prison. Yet they are not English but American, and have nothing to do with the war."

The Governor shook his head. "I can do nothing," he replied. But Mrs. Judson was not deceived. With gifts of money that she had brought, and with promises of more, she persuaded him to make things easier for the prisoners, and even obtained a permit to visit the prison. What she saw there wrote itself indelibly on her memory. Her husband crawled to the door of the prison, covered with dirt and filth, his ankles loaded with five fetters, and his face already stamped with the look of death.

Two days later the officers of the king arrived at

the mission-house to seize the prisoners' property. When an inventory of everything had been taken the treasurer inquired, "How much did you give the Governor to secure the removal of the prisoners from the inner prison?" Mrs. Judson hesitated for a moment. To answer meant that the Governor would lose the greater part of her bribe and that her husband would lose his favour. She knew what the Governor would expect her to do. But there was no help for it. Dishonesty was the greatest fault of the Burmese, a fault that she and her husband were always combating. Not even her husband's life must hinder their work for God. But it was with a heart full of foreboding that she answered the official's question.

The next day when she called upon the Governor his face was dark and angry. "Why did you tell the treasurer that you had given me so much money?" he asked. Mrs. Judson's heart sank, but she replied simply, "The treasurer inquired; what could I say?" "Say that you had given nothing," retorted the Governor, "and I would have made the prisoners comfortable; but now I know not what will be their fate."

Ann Judson's heart stood still. She thought of that inner prison. *"Let-ma-yoon"* the Burmese called it, "Hand-shrink-not"—shrink not from anything that deviltry of man could devise. She thought of her husband loaded with fetters, each night his feet drawn up to a bamboo pole, so that only his head and shoulders rested on the ground. But she faced the old man bravely. "I cannot tell a false-

hood. My religion is different from yours; it forbids prevarication; and had you stood behind me with your knife raised I could not have said what you suggest." Suddenly the Governor's wife spoke: "Very true; what else could she have done? I like such conduct. You must not be angry with her."

The Governor was amazed. He marvelled at the folly of such a creed, but he marvelled still more at the courage of the lonely woman before him.

From that day he and his wife were Mrs. Judson's firm friends, and many were the favours to her husband that he granted her during the terrible months which followed.

THE END

On the spotless deck of a British gunboat that drove its way steadily through the yellow waters of the Irrawaddy, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were sitting side by side. Twenty-one months had passed, months of horror and suffering that had seemed to them like years. There were things Ann Judson would never forget, days and months of endless visits to one official after another, rebuffed yet never despairing; daily visits to the prison, often walking the two miles through the city to her house long after sunset; months when she had lived with her baby in half a tumble-down native hut in a riverside village, her time divided between fighting the smallpox that threatened the village, ministering to her husband, and trying to subdue the fever that racked her own body.

It seemed impossible that anyone could have

borne what she had passed through, and now, as they steamed down the Irrawaddy, it was like some terrible nightmare. But it was all over. At last the proud empire of Burma had been overthrown by the British army, and once again they were free and on their way to Rangoon. How would they find their little church?

Before them the Great Pagoda of the Golden Temple could be seen, and soon the gunboat was anchored at the harbour. The missionaries hurried ashore to find four Burmese Christians ready to receive them. Of the little church of eighteen, only two had forsaken their faith, but twelve had been scattered by persecution.

Together they walked up those narrow streets to the little grave where their baby boy had been laid ten years before. For thirteen years they had laboured for Burma, and now they had returned shattered in health and strength to find four converts—to all appearance the only result of their work. But not for one moment did they despair. The work was God's, not theirs. "We sometimes think," Mrs. Judson wrote to her brother, "that all we have suffered may have a good effect upon the mission."

Not for a moment did they think of returning home and abandoning a task that seemed so hopeless. "Our one longing now," she wrote, "is to be once more where we can give our whole time to teaching the Burmese."

But it was not to be. When, after thirteen years of difficulties, it seemed that under English pro-

tection they might at last really begin to go forward, all that Mrs. Judson had passed through had too hopelessly shattered her strength. Only three months later she was seized with a terrible fever, and found herself with no power of resistance.

She was alone, except for the Burmese Christians. Even her husband, whom through two awful years she had stood by and supported, could not be with her in the hour of her need. He was far away in Ava with the British Embassy. But as she lay dying in her loneliness, the hope and trust in God which had kept her going in the darkest days of the past were still with her. "I must die alone," she murmured, "but it is the Will of God. I am not afraid to die."

She knew that, just as in the past, God's strength had made strong her weakness, so in what seemed the failure of her weakness God could accomplish His strong purpose.

And she was right! In that city of Rangoon, where for so many years she and her husband so patiently taught, there now stands the great Rangoon Baptist College with more than a thousand Burmese students; and in place of that little Burmese church of four members, which met them after their return from the city of their imprisonment, there is now in Rangoon itself a Christian church of over 10,000 members.

INTRODUCTION

In February, 1812, the brig *Caravan* set sail from the port of Salem in America, bound for the far-distant shores of India. A little group of men and women stood on the snow-covered pier and waved farewell to two couples standing side by side at the

stern of the departing ship. Two earnest-faced men and two women, one of them small and slight, who seemed as if she would need all the protection her husband could give her, the other tall, with ruddy cheeks and flashing eyes. With no experience to guide them, and with very little support behind them, but with undaunted courage and sure hope in their hearts, the first four American missionaries were on their way to the East.

Fifteen months later, two of these missionaries, Ann Judson and her husband, stood on the beach at Madras. A difficult choice lay before them. Owing to war between England and America, they heard that they were to be arrested and sent back home. Was this to be the end of their work? Their only hope was to fly from Madras at once, but only one boat was leaving, and that was bound for Rangoon, the port of Burma, that cruel, despotic empire in which several missionaries had already made fruitless attempts to settle.

But Mr. and Mrs. Judson did not hesitate for a moment. Never would they give up their work. God had called them out, and maybe He was calling them to this land. They took their passage, and, after a very rough and uncomfortable voyage, arrived in June, 1813, at the inhospitable shores of Burma.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What would the captain and crew think of Ann Judson's action in leaving the ship? How would she have justified it?
2. What was the ground of Ann Judson's hope and trust, in the face of appearances?
3. Did that hope make her life actually more powerful and effective than it would otherwise have been?

Book for Reference.—*Ann of Ava,* by E. D. Hubbard.

Scripture Passage.—Dan. iii: 16–18.

VI

THE CITY OF THE PEACEFUL WAVE

Arthur Moule

(Date of Incident, December 1861)

AIM.—To show that Christianity means courageous service on behalf of Christian and non-Christian alike.

[IN our talks on the work of missionaries in China we must always remember that the country was opened up against the wishes of the Chinese. From the Emperor on his dragon-throne to the coolie in the fields, they were usually opposed to receiving any "foreign" custom or teaching. The cruel hand of war (1840 and 1857-61) compelled them to open their gates and admit the despised and hated "barbarian." This seriously handicapped the missionary, for the people were unwilling to listen to his message. Compelled to open their city gates, they had closed the doors of their hearts against the Gospel; and those doors opened, not to Christianity in theory, but to Christianity in practice. It was what the Chinese *saw* of the Spirit of Christ in the missionary's life and work that broke down the opposition. The present Tale reveals Arthur Moule engaged in a courageous effort to save Christian and non-Christian Chinese from possible death.]

THE T'AIP'INGS' ATTACK

IT was a December morning. The sun streamed across the great plain that stretches to the hills round Ningpo, and gleamed on the broad river flowing rapidly toward the sea. But a few days before, a crowd of junks threaded their way along its waters. Now all had vanished. Only a British gunboat, cleared for action, and two Cantonese war vessels lay at anchor close to the city.

From the broad, encircling walls flags fluttered

gaily, and the mounted guns pointed grimly north, south, east, and west. The gates were fast closed and barricaded. Men in uniforms moved excitedly hither and thither, while in the streets the few inhabitants who remained looked on in awe-struck silence. What had been long foretold and dreaded was come to pass. The all-conquering T'aip'ings were thundering at the gates, and for all its brave show Ningpo was but ill prepared to beat back the "long-haired" rebels.

On the farther side of the river beyond the city, an Englishman stood in the verandah of a house and looked eagerly towards Ningpo. Dense clouds of smoke rose from the houses that had been fired near the north and east gates. Mounted men rode wildly backwards and forwards. Shouts broke the stillness of the morning air as the main body advanced upon the walls. Onward, still onward swept the T'aip'ings, and now they were on the edge of the deep moat. A hundred yards across, its still waters lapped the walls of Ningpo.

On the previous day the houses near by had been ransacked and the soldiers now rushed forward carrying tables and thick mattresses. Without a moment's hesitation they plunged into the water, and, pushing the tables before them, swam rapidly towards the city. As they drew near, the defenders hoisted heavy beams of wood spiked with iron, and prepared to lower them on the heads of the attacking party. But the wily T'aip'ings were ready. Covering their bodies with the tables and mattresses, they gained the walls and boldly fixed their scaling

ladders. Up they clambered like wild cats, and, shouting their battle-cry, reached the top. The defenders made one last, desperate effort, then wavered, broke, and fled. The rebels were victorious, and the "City of the Peaceful Wave" had fallen.

CHINESE CHRISTIANS IN DANGER

Soon above the tumult came the hurried clanging of a church bell. It was the signal that the Chinese Christians were in danger. Arthur Moule left his post on the verandah and hastened to his friends in the room below. He would have given his life to have been in the city at that moment, but, along with other foreigners, he had been ordered outside the walls a few days before. On joining his friends, he found that already two of them had volunteered to cross the river and try to gain an entrance to the city. Once within the walls, they would find out what was taking place and return with the news. Forth they went, followed by the earnest prayers of those left behind, and, jumping into a boat, rowed swiftly across the stream. To their surprise they found the Salt Gate standing open, and cautiously making their way through it, were soon lost in the excited throng that filled the streets.

Meanwhile the hours dragged slowly on for those who watched and waited on the farther bank of the river. The tales of savage cruelty and the red ruin wrought by the T'aip'ings on their conquering march filled them with dismay. Even now Ningpo might be passing through the horrors that had struck chill fear to the hearts of the people of other cities. Still,

God was in His heaven, and that assurance gave fresh courage to the waiting band.

At last the two returned.

"What news?" called the watchers breathlessly as their friends neared the house.

"Our mission schools and churches have been pillaged; our houses are in possession of the T'aip'ings and the scholars are being driven away captive to swell the rebel ranks. So far there has been comparatively little bloodshed, but what may chance after nightfall none can tell."

Arthur Moule's face wore an anxious look. Along with other foreigners who could not speak the Chinese language fluently he had been ordered out of the city by the Council, but his brother George still remained. There might be danger and difficulty in entering Ningpo again, but Arthur Moule determined to try. His brother needed his companionship; the native converts needed his help. It was his simple duty to go.

MOULE RETURNS TO CITY

It was too late to regain the city that night, but early next morning he set out. Boldly he passed through the gate and wended his way along the streets to the Little Parade Ground where stood his house. Shaggy, wild-looking men in strangely coloured uniforms and with swords in their hands glared at him as he went. Once or twice they came uncomfortably near, but recognising a foreigner in him, they let him pass unharmed. At last he reached his house. His brother opened the door, but within,

a soldier was on guard. At first he was unwilling to allow the newcomer to pass, but after some argument Arthur Moule crossed the threshold, only to find another rebel squatted in front of the dining-room fire. The man stared unconcernedly at the intruder and then turned to watch the dancing flames.

The missionary's plight was not an enviable one. At any moment these sullen T'aip'ings might turn upon him. Undaunted he and his brother set to work to plan how they might help their Chinese friends.

Two British officials visited the city and interviewed the T'aip'ing chiefs. In very plain and forcible language they had told them that they would be held responsible for the safety of the foreigners. The missionaries, however, were ordered to leave the city, but refused to go without their Chinese friends.

THE REFUGEES' APPEAL

The next night Arthur Moule and his brother sat and discussed their plan of action.

At any moment they might be disturbed, for though all outside was surprisingly quiet, the T'aip'ings might at any moment have got out of hand. Suddenly there was a noise at the back of the house, followed by a knock at the door. Both men started up, expecting to find armed men force an entrance. Cautiously they went to the door and listened. A gentle tap succeeded. It might be a trick, but on the other hand a friend might be out-

side, so they slowly opened the door, and there before them stood a young Chinaman and his wife, both trembling with fear.

"Your Excellencies," said the man timidly, "suffer our unworthy feet to cross your honourable threshold."

"Come in," said Moule kindly. "You are in trouble. What is your story?"

"Two days ago," began the man, "when our city fell into the hands of the long-haired men, my wife and I fled for safety. We climbed your garden wall but feared to seek refuge in your house, honourables. With difficulty we clambered down the stone-stepped sides of your well and have since hidden there. We have tasted no food and are faint from hunger and anxiety, so have come to cast ourselves on your mercy. Save us, your Excellencies, for we dare not show ourselves abroad."

George and Arthur Moule's hearts were stirred with pity. They had never seen the man or his wife before, and they were not Christians, but they were fellow-creatures in trouble, and that was enough for them. Quickly they brought food for them, and as they ate, Arthur Moule talked.

"To-morrow or the next day," he said, "I shall lead a band of my friends out of the city under the authority of the T'aip'ing chief. You shall go with me."

The man looked at Moule, his face radiant with a new hope. Perhaps, like other Chinese, he had laughed and jeered at the Jesus religion which the foreigners had brought to his city. Perhaps he,

too, had believed the evil that had been spoken concerning it. But surely it could not be so bad when one of its teachers thus treated a poor, hunted Chinaman.

A BRAVE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS

True to his promise, a day or two later, Arthur Moule stood ready to take his friends out of the city. The little band were gathered together in the courtyard with anxious faces. Moule went to the gate and looked keenly up and down the street. All seemed quiet, and so, beckoning the group behind him to follow, he set out. He was none too sure that the rough soldiers would obey the order of their leaders and allow him to go in peace, but with a brave heart and a strong trust in the all-protecting hand of God, he went forward. Moule hurried on, and at length drew near the Salt Gate. He was beginning to think the danger well over when suddenly a burly T'aip'ing darted out from a house and set upon the party, laying about him with a heavy stick.

"Back, every one of you," he shouted, as he grabbed Arthur Moule by the shoulder.

The little band shrank back in terror and would have scattered, but above the tumult rose the commanding voice of Moule.

"No, no, my friends," he called out. "This man knows not who I am, nor under whose authority we are leaving the city." Then turning to the soldier he told him in indignant and not very idiomatic Chinese, who he was, and that he had the

T'aip'ing chiefs' permission to leave the city with his people, and meant to go.

The T'aip'ing was unconvinced and renewed his onslaught, shouting loudly for his comrades. Boldly Moule faced him.

"You may shout as you please," he said carelessly, "but my friends and I pass outside the city."

The band, with courage returning, marched on, and the T'aip'ing, cowed by their leader's boldness, sullenly stood aside. In a few minutes the ferry was reached and, mounting guard, Arthur Moule waited till all were safely on board the boat. As she shot into the stream he waved his hand in farewell and turned towards the city. Before him lay security and the companionship of friends. Behind in the city, danger and the needs of a helpless people, and his burly enemy to be faced alone perhaps as he re-entered the city. He dare not leave them unheeded in their hour of peril. His Master was calling him to further service, and as a loyal soldier of the Cross he would answer the call.

INTRODUCTION

In their determination to exclude the foreigners, the Chinese were extremely arrogant, and unwise in the methods they adopted. In the quarrel about opium Britain was certainly in the wrong. She declared war, and bombarded Canton (1840). China was compelled to cede Hong-Kong to England, and to open five ports to foreign trade and residence (Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai). They were called "treaty ports," and missionaries of several British and American societies at once occupied them.

About 1850 a revolutionary movement began in the South of China, led by a man named Hung. Gathering a large body of men around him, he called himself the "Heavenly King," and gave his movement the name of "T'aip'ing," which means "Great Peace." Hung's followers were called "long-haired rebels," because they allowed their hair to grow long. Soon their num-

bers were large enough to attack and defeat the imperial armies sent against them.

The movement at first had many good features. Hung had got hold of some Christian tracts, and had learned from a missionary something of the teaching of Christ. He sternly denounced idolatry, and wherever his followers went they destroyed idols and temples. Hung declared that he had received visions, and called himself "Jesus Christ's younger brother." But it became impossible to restrain his followers when once the war spirit was aroused, and, in the name of "Great Peace," cities were sacked, and hundreds of thousands of inhabitants massacred. All kinds of ruffians now joined the T'aip'ing armies. They overran and devastated thirteen of the eighteen provinces of China, and the Government seemed unable to cope with them. It is estimated that twenty millions of lives were sacrificed. The rebellion was crushed in 1864.

Ningpo means "the Peaceful Wave." It is surrounded with a wall six miles in circuit, and 25 feet high by 22 feet thick. The normal population was 400,000. Outside the city a foreign settlement had arisen, but most of the missionaries lived within the walls among the Chinese.

Arthur E. Moule, brother of the late Bishop of Mid-China and the Bishop of Durham, went out to China under the Church Missionary Society in 1861, and was stationed at Ningpo. The British Consul ordered all missionaries who could not speak Chinese fluently to leave the city before the attack, and reside in the foreign settlement, which the rebels had promised to protect. This included Arthur Moule, but his brother George, who had been in China four years, was permitted to remain with two or three other missionaries. Arthur Moule laboured in Ningpo for thirty years, and afterwards in Hangchow and Shanghai. He was made Archdeacon in 1883, and came home in 1911.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. To what danger were the Chinese Christians exposed?
2. Why did the missionaries remain at their posts?
3. What effect do you think such heroism would have on the Chinese who witnessed it?

Books for Reference.—*Half a Century in China, and The Chinese People,* by Archdeacon Moule.

Scripture Passage.—Luke x: 25-37.

VII

THE MAN WHO COULD TRUST

Sir Herbert Edwardes

(b. 1818, d. 1868)

AIM.—To show how a real trust in God and in our fellow-men can be justified in everyday life.

[This Tale deals with events and places that naturally interest the boy. A reference to the Indian Mutiny can easily be made a starting-point. But Edwardes's character is one that ought to make the boys think, and the "aim" will naturally develop itself. The leader should think these things out beforehand. One thought is that Edwardes's trust in his fellow-men was based on his love for them, and that love in turn on his love for Jesus Christ. It was the revelation of that love in his trust that brought out the best in the men he trusted, and so justified his trust. Further, the one thing in his life which made his trust in God effective was his obedience. Childlike trust demands childlike obedience. That is where most people's faith fails.]

A RULER OF MEN

"SAHIB, let me die. I am no longer worthy to live." The speaker, a man in the turban and flowing robes of the Afghan, threw himself at the feet of the Commissioner of Peshawar, as he sat in the courthouse. Major Edwardes looked at him calmly; he was used to Oriental exaggeration. He recognised the man as the messenger whom he had sent to Cabul to carry a bottle of quinine to the British Ambassador stationed there. Probably he had lost the quinine.

Inquiry proved this to be the case. As he was

crossing the Khyber Pass, he had been robbed by the Kookee-Kheyls, a wild Afreedee tribe, who had carried off the precious medicine. The loss was not great, but British prestige demanded that an outrage on its envoy should not go unpunished.

Instantly an order was sent to every police-station and outpost in the neighbourhood, offering a reward of 20 rupees (£2) for each common man, and 50 rupees (£5) [1] for any chief of the Kookee-Kheyls who could be caught within the British border. Before dark 300 rupees' worth of Kookee-Kheyls were safely lodged in prison, and among them was a chief. Next morning a deputation of greybeards from the Kookee-Kheyls' tribe waited on the Commissioner. "Sahib," the spokesman began, "some evil-minded young men of our tribe have disgraced us all by stealing a bottle of quinine from the messenger of the great Government of Hindustan, and lo! we have come to return it." Not a word was said of their friends in prison or of a quarter of the bottle being empty!

Edwardes received them graciously, but said there was a small account due by them to the great Sircar, a matter of 300 rupees, paid in rewards for securing the hostages the night before. All this, which everyone present knew perfectly, was received very solemnly, and in a short time the money was forthcoming.

"Truly," thought the tribes of the Peshawar valley, "this sahib is unlike all other sahibs who have

[1] At that time one rupee was worth about 50c.

been at Peshawar. He trusts us, he keeps no spies amongst us, and rarely does he send soldiers against us; but yet he always has his way with us."

To trust the Afghan was a new, and, some thought, a daring policy, but it was one that Edwardes had always followed. "He who walks the world aright," he said, "will find something good wherever he finds man."

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THE POLICY OF TRUST

Four years had passed, and it was January in the year 1857. At the mouth of the Khyber Pass a great Afghan camp was pitched, glittering with many pennons and the flashing swords and trappings of the magnificent Afghan cavalry, while below in the plain was a British camp of seven thousand men. But it was not war. Dost Mohammed Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, had come down from Cabul to conclude the second of two treaties with the British.

It was an even more daring policy of trust. From the beginning of his Commissionership Edwardes had hated the spirit of sullen distrust which had existed between the Afghans and the British ever since the disasters of Cabul in 1839. He believed the right policy was to trust the Ameer, but his idea of a treaty was strongly opposed by John Lawrence, the Commissioner of the Punjab. "Firstly," he said, "you will never be able to get the Afghans to make a treaty; and secondly, if they make it, they will not keep it." Already the

first part of the criticism had been disproved; for the rest, time would show.

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"Will you give your consent to the establishment of a Christian mission in Peshawar?" The speaker was Colonel Martin, an earnest Christian officer, and the man he spoke to was Major Edwardes.

It was the most daring policy of all. A Christian mission in Peshawar! Peshawar with its population of 60,000 Mohammedans, a hot-bed of religious fanaticism, and, in this year of 1853, seething with treachery and unrest! A Christian mission in the native city, into which Europeans never went except armed and in twos or threes! Colonel Martin had put the same question to Edwardes's predecessor, and had met with a blunt refusal. "Do you want us all murdered in our beds?" the Commissioner had asked. "The first missionary who crosses the Indus at Attock to enter the Peshawar Valley, will be turned back by my orders."

Major Edwardes knew nothing of this, but he did not hesitate for a moment. "Certainly," he replied, "I will help the mission myself privately, and publicly I will give it the protection it has a right to." At the meeting at which the mission was started, Edwardes was in the chair.

Many did not agree with him. One young officer, when the subscription list reached him, thought it a good joke to put down "one rupee towards a Colt's revolver for the first missionary."

Certainly it was a daring policy, but Edwardes never had any opinion of those "statesmen who

could not dare because they could not trust." "We may be quite sure," he declared, "that we are much safer if we do our duty than if we neglect it."

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THE POLICY JUSTIFIED

"Sahib, a number of armed hillmen are coming into the cantonment and calling out for your house. What are we to do?" In a moment Edwardes had pushed past the servant who had brought the message, and was out on the verandah.

It was the summer of 1857. All India was convulsed by the shock of the Mutiny. Delhi had fallen, and in the Bengal Presidency the British were only just holding on. The eyes of all India were turned to the Punjab, and the eyes of the Punjab were turned to Peshawar. "If things are well at Peshawar," said a native chief, "then all is well in the Punjab. If not, then"—and here he took up the skirt of his garment and rolled it up— "the Punjab will be rolled up like this cloth."

But on the Northwest Frontier these were anxious days. Had Dost Mohammed Khan chosen to sweep down upon the Khyber Pass at the head of his army, nothing could have saved the Punjab. But the Ameer, in the face of great temptation, stuck to his treaty, and so justified Edwardes's trust and refuted the second objection of his critic.

As Edwardes stepped out on to the verandah three hundred white-turbaned men, armed to the teeth with rifles and long Afghan daggers, were swarming into the cantonment, and were already crowding

clamorously round the gate of his house. Edwardes recognised them immediately; they were men of the Mullickdeen Kheyl tribe, which was in disgrace and under a blockade for the murder of a police officer.

Fearlessly he advanced to meet them. An old chief spoke: "Sahib, we are thy servants and have come that we may fight for the English." Doubtless they thought the moment a good one in which to wipe off the remembrance of their crimes.

Edwardes led them on to the lawn and made them sit in a circle round him. It was a thrilling scene! They were men bred and born in treachery; it might easily have been an ambuscade. They could have struck him down and scattered in a moment! But Edwardes preferred to trust them, and his utter fearlessness carried the day. One by one, he inquired what had been their offence, and dealt out to them rough and ready justice, fixing on the spot the restitution they were to make, that they might not think English forgiveness was too easily obtained. Then he selected the younger ones, and enlisted them as recruits, and the older ones, scarred and weather-beaten warriors, he led to the willow walk, and after a friendly talk sent them home again, each with a rupee in his hand, quite satisfied that they had been honourably treated.

And what of the mission? In days when Peshawar was stirred by religious and race hatred, could a Christian mission be possible? Day after day, during those anxious months, Dr. Pfander, the heroic missionary in charge, went down into the bazaar

and openly preached the Gospel. In the whole crowd there would be no other white face but his own, for in those days Europeans did not venture into the native quarters unless it were necessary. Oaths met his words, abuse was flung at him, but never once was any violence offered.

And in these times of terrible anxiety, when his every act was watched by the natives, the Commissioner never ceased to show his keen interest in the mission. One day, in the height of the Mutiny, he himself went down to the mission-house to present to Mr. Pfander a Communion set, as the gift of all the Europeans, "to be his traveling companion." He never felt that the mission was a source of weakness. "Is it not a miracle," he wrote to his wife, "that while the Bengal Presidency is convulsed, Peshawar has had less crime than was known in it before? *I have no sort of doubt that we have been honoured because we honoured God in establishing the mission.*"

All through his life his trust was justified. His open support of the mission never lost him a native friend; they understood him. The Oriental admires a man who holds his faith fast, and lives an earnest life. But they loved him, too. Often they would say, "Yes, it was Edwardes Sahib who kept Peshawar. Nicholson was, undoubtedly, a great man, but he wouldn't have kept us all true to Government. He was so stern; we feared him, but we didn't love him. Edwardes compelled us to love him more than any other *Feringhee*."

THE FRUIT OF A LIFE

When, eleven years later, news of the death of Edwardes in England reached Peshawar, an old Mohammedan gate-keeper, who had been Edwardes's water-carrier when he was a subaltern, and had always remained in his service, came to the missionaries to know if the report was true. When they told him that it was, he replied, "I have lived with Sir Herbert all the years he has been in India, and I have followed him everywhere. I have seen him in all scenes and under all circumstances, and I have never seen him make a mistake. He can't have made a mistake in his religion. Will you teach me his religion? For I should like to believe what he believed."

INTRODUCTION

Peshawar in 1853 was one of the most difficult stations in the Punjab. It belonged originally to Afghanistan, but it had been taken by Runjeet Singh, the Rajah of the Punjab. When the Punjab was annexed in 1846, Peshawar passed under British rule. But the Afghans longed to get it back. The city itself had a population of 60,000, most of whom were Afghans and Mohammedans, fanatically opposed to their Christian rulers. They were a warlike people, all armed to the teeth, and the British garrison lived in a separate cantonment, and none ever ventured unarmed into the native town.

In 1853, when he was made Commissioner of Peshawar, Major Edwardes was one of the most brilliant men in India. Four years before, when only a lieutenant, he had succeeded with a few native levies in stemming at its outset what might otherwise have been a formidable rebellion. For that he had received the thanks of Parliament, the Companionship of the Bath, and the rank of Major. At the early age of thirty-four he was a full Commissioner and Governor-General's agent on a most difficult frontier. His ability for ruling native peoples amounted to genius.

Not only was he a great administrator and soldier, but in his private life he was a man of exceptional ability and charm. He won the affection of all who knew him, and among his warmest friends were such great men as John and Henry Lawrence and

John Nicholson. Ill health compelled him to leave India in 1865, and he died in England three years later.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What was the foundation of Edwardes's trust in man?
2. What other condition besides trust in God does a man need if his trust is to be justified? Can there be any real trust apart from obedience?
3. What other men can you recall who proved that they could dare because they could trust?

Book for Reference.—*Sir Herbert Edwardes,* by Lady Edwardes.

Scripture Passage.—Dan. vi:10.

VIII

THE MAP ON THE WALL

Hudson Taylor

(Date of Incidents, 1860-5)

AIM.—To show the outcome of one's faith.[1]

[FAITH, no less than courage and self-sacrifice, is a necessary feature of a Christian life. Heroism *minus* faith would not have availed for the evangelisation of China. The prejudice and opposition were so tremendous, that without faith in God men would have given up the task as hopeless. The heroes of these Tales have all been men of great faith, and Hudson Taylor stands as an eminent example of this lofty trust in the Most High. To show the outcome of this man's faith is the object of our Tale.]

THE DOCTOR'S VERDICT

A MAN stood in the consulting room of a London specialist while the doctor carefully examined him.

"You tell me you have been labouring in China for the last seven years, Mr. Taylor?" he said at last.

"Yes, I have been a missionary in and around Ningpo, and my wish is to return as speedily as possible. When do you think my health will be sufficiently good to permit of my going out again?"

The doctor looked grave.

"My dear sir," he replied, "it is out of the ques-

[1] [*Note.*—This Tale will be of special value in some classes, but will be beyond the religious experience of others, and in such cases should be omitted.]

tion for you to think of returning for several years."

"Several years!" exclaimed Mr. Taylor in astonishment. "Do you mean to tell me that I must give up for so long the work to which I have dedicated my life?"

"Undoubtedly—yes."

Hudson Taylor straightened himself and drew his lips tight.

"Very well. It is God's will and I must obey," he said quietly. Into the busy streets the stricken man passed. His heart was sore and the world seemed very dark just then.

"Several years!" he repeated to himself again and again.

Somewhere near at hand a clock struck the hour.

Hudson Taylor started.

"Another thousand souls in China have died without the knowledge of a Saviour," he said sadly to himself; "a thousand every hour and I must remain here for years powerless to aid them."

A fresh wave of bitterness passed over him and he walked along with knitted brows and downcast eyes. At last he reached home and began restlessly pacing his little room. He could not think, so bitter was his disappointment. Backwards and forwards he went, but still there was no peace in his heart. Worn out, at length, he sat down and opened his Bible and read:

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways

MAP SHOWING ALL THE MISSION STATIONS IN CHINA IN 1861, WHEN HUDSON TAYLOR FIRST CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Hudson Taylor closed the Book and sat still awhile.

SERVING CHINA AT HOME

Presently he rose to his feet and stood erect, his face bright with a new hope and his heart refreshed with a stronger faith.

"Well, since I must stay at home, how best can I help China?" was the thought in his mind as he went to rest.

Some time later a missionary named Gough, who had just returned from China, came to live in the same house as Hudson Taylor. They had many talks together and at length agreed that the best thing they could do at that time to help the Chinese, was to write a new version of the New Testament in the dialect that was spoken around Ningpo. A little room was soon fitted up as a study, and having got pens and paper and their books together they started. Day after day they toiled on and felt very happy when they had finished the four Gospels.

Then the two men began to translate the Acts of the Apostles, and when they came to the journeys of St. Paul, Hudson Taylor could hardly take his eyes off the big map of China that hung on the wall opposite where he sat. His glance travelled up the coast line and he could see all the places where missionaries were working. But what a small part that was compared with the thousands and thou-

sands of miles inland! Here lived millions of people who had never heard the name of Jesus and had no one to tell them of Him.

"Oh, if only another St. Paul could arise and sail up those great rivers and journey beyond those mountain ranges!" he said longingly to himself.

THE THOUGHT OF INLAND CHINA

Sadly he turned away from the map and went on with his writing, but the thought of Inland China would not leave him. At night when he tried to sleep it haunted him; by day those great provinces with their crowded cities were always before him. Sometimes he would go away by himself and think the matter out. "Dare I believe that if I ask God to send men and provide money for China, He will do it?" he asked himself.

Puzzled and heavy of heart Hudson Taylor went back to his task and strove to forget China and its millions. He translated a few verses and then stopped suddenly, as he read the next passage:

"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us."

The words startled him and filled him with a new feeling of responsibility. He seemed to see in them a clear call to himself, and yet he felt unequal to the task.

The spring of 1865 came. The days lengthened into summer splendour and still Hudson Taylor had failed to solve the problems before him. So much did they trouble him that his health began

to suffer, and one day a gentleman from Brighton, noticing how ill he looked, invited him to come and stay with him.

"You come down to Brighton, Mr. Taylor," he said kindly, "and see if the breath of the sea breezes can't put new life into you."

SUNDAY MORNING AT BRIGHTON

Hudson Taylor laid aside his books and started one June day. When Sunday came he felt he could not sit quietly in church and listen to the preacher, so he set out for a walk along the beach. Hundreds of happy churchgoers passed him by, heedless of the man with grave face and wistful eyes. The bells rang out upon the morning air, the sea sparkled in the sunshine, the white sails of passing vessels gleamed across the waves.

"Ah, how fair all this is," thought Hudson Taylor, "but how different away yonder in China! Mean streets and wretched homes; men and women blindly seeking grace at idol-shrines and none to point them out a better way."

On and on he walked across the silent sands, thinking out the need of China. Suddenly he stopped and a smile lit up his pale face.

"Why should I be so troubled? If God wants me to undertake this work I need not doubt His power to help me to carry it through. Why, the responsibility is not mine, but His. If I get the men and the money it will be His doing and He will take the matter into His keeping. To think that I

should ever have thought of my own strength at all!"

THE VENTURE OF FAITH

Hudson Taylor turned his eyes to the cloudless blue above him. "Here and now I give my life for Inland China," he said slowly. "All the days and years that God may give me I consecrate to His work there."

He bent his head and prayed aloud that God would give as fellow-labourers two for each of the eleven inland provinces and two for Mongolia.

His Bible was in his hand, and as his prayer ended, Hudson Taylor took out his pencil and wrote in the margin:

"Prayed for twenty-four willing, skillful labourers, at Brighton, June 23, 1865."

Quietly he closed the Book and walked homewards with glad heart. Across the sands the tide was rippling in and to the lonely watcher on the beach it seemed an omen of the new force that was soon to break on Inland China.

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A few months later Hudson Taylor stood on the deck of a vessel that slowly made its way down the Thames outward bound for China. Beside him was a band of fifteen men and women, the first-fruits of his prayer on Brighton sands. One by one others followed, and the China Inland Mission slowly gathered force. City after city was reached and province after province traversed by the dauntless pioneers. Again and again their leaders called for

volunteers and from Britain's shore there came the God-sent answer. The twenty-four grew to seventy, the seventy to a hundred.

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Years have passed since then, and in far-off Changsha, Hudson Taylor sleeps his last sleep. But the China Inland Mission lives on. In sixteen provinces over a thousand of its missionaries are at work, the outcome of a humble man's great faith.

INTRODUCTION

China in 1861-5.—Foreigners were now permitted to travel in China with passports, but the dangers were great. A journey of one hundred miles from a port was thought a very serious undertaking. Missionaries were only working in the treaty ports along the coast, and some were just beginning work in the great river port of Hankow. In seven provinces (each with an average population of 29,000,000) there were 91 missionaries (an average of only 13 to each province). In the remaining eleven provinces there were no missionaries at all.

James Hudson Taylor was born at Barnsley in 1832. At the age of seventeen he gave himself to Christ, and very soon after began to feel that God was calling him to China. After some medical training in London, he went to China under the "Chinese Evangelisation Society" in 1853. He worked in Shanghai and then in Ningpo. Health failing, he returned to England in 1860, and the incidents in the Tale occurred soon after. He founded the China Inland Mission in 1865, and returned to China with a party of workers the following year. The work grew by leaps and bounds, and when Mr. Taylor died at Changsha in 1905, the Mission had 205 stations and 849 European missionaries.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What made Hudson Taylor so much in earnest?
2. What was there in the Chinese that appealed to him?
3. What did faith lead Hudson Taylor to do and what was the outcome?

Books for Reference.—*The Story of the China Inland Mission* (Vol. i.), by Geraldine Guinness. Also *Faith and Facts,* by Marshall Broomhall.

Scripture Passage.—Isa. lv: 8, 9.

IX

THE TRAIL BREAKER

William Carpenter Bompas

(b. 1834, d. 1906)

Aim.—To make the boy appreciate the man who could face daily hardship and risk for the love of Christ and the humblest of His children.

[Bompas was a man who always avoided the limelight and very few really knew of the constant heroism of his life. He himself hardly gave a thought to his own risks and endurance. His long toilworn life is in great contrast to Hannington's meteoric career, but God's purpose was alike in both, and in their obedience to that purpose they were alike.]

A LONELY TRAIL

It was the year 1874. Winter had laid its iron grip on the plains of Northwest Canada, and the deadly softness of the snow had bound the world in months of silence. One afternoon early in December the monotonous stillness was broken by a sled team of men and dogs who were plodding their way slowly and painfully across the dreary whiteness. The cracking of the whips and the yelps of the dogs rang sharply on the air, and men and animals strained and leaned in a way that showed their strength was nearly spent.

A tall, bearded man walked in front of the others, breaking the trail with his snowshoes so that the dogs and sledge might not sink through the soft crust. It was hard work, for the track lay across

rough, broken country, but William Bompas nearly always undertook the hardest task, even when, as now, his fellow-travellers were iron-sinewed Indians.

After nine years' strenuous life among the Red Indians and Eskimo, he had gone to England to be ordained Bishop of the great new diocese of Athabasca, but his heart had pined for the wild rivers and lonely wind-swept plains of Northwest Canada, and at the first opportunity he had returned, bringing his newly wedded bride with him.

Almost immediately on his arrival at his headquarters at Fort Simpson, news had reached him that a band of Indians, who had not yet heard the message of the Gospel, had pitched their winter quarters round Fort Rae, 300 miles away. Though he had barely settled in, and mid-winter was upon him, the Bishop immediately set out with a few Indians to reach them. He knew that with the coming of spring the band would be scattered over the plains and through the forests, and the dangers of the journey weighed with him as nothing compared with the danger of losing so splendid an opportunity. Heavy snowstorms, however, had made the way even more difficult than usual, and had so delayed them that they were now still a good distance from Fort Rae, and their provisions were almost exhausted.

Wearily they plodded on, the dogs even at last too tired to bark, so tired that the weary men had to help them pull the load. The crunch of the snow was the only sound in that deathly silence. Sometimes out of the grey skies a snowstorm came whirl-

ing, whitening their beards and faces and almost taking away their breath with its icy blast, until they could hardly move forward against it.

At length they made their way to the sheltered side of a little clump of trees, and the dogs flung themselves down, panting with their exertions. With a snowshoe for a shovel, the snow was scraped away and the ground strewn with branches, and soon a roaring fire had been lit and the kettle was singing above it, packed with snow.

There was not much supper that night, and for the dogs none at all, for their usual fare of frozen fish was all gone, and the men dared not spare any of the last tiny morsels on which they hoped to keep up the warmth of their bodies for another day. Left to themselves, the dogs hunted down and fought over a stray rabbit which was sheltering among the trees. Supper over, they sat awhile, enjoying the rest and warmth. In the ruddy light the impassive faces of the Indians looked as if carved from bronze, as the leaping flames lit the gloom of the fir trees and sent long blue shadows dancing over the snow. Presently the Bishop took his Bible and read aloud, and when he had read, prayed to God for protection in their danger. Then each one wrapped himself in his blanket, and, huddling round the fire, in a moment they were all asleep.

Soon after midnight they were up and off again. Silent and determined they plodded on until at length they halted for a meal. It was to be their last until Fort Rae was reached. The Indians looked at one another, and then at their leader. He made no

answer to their unspoken question, except to tighten his belt and with a smile of courage point forward. On and on they struggled through the dreary afternoon, till night came and a supperless camp. But they would not despair. Fort Rae was not far off, if only they could last another day.

They could give their starving bodies but little sleep, and long before morning they were up and on again. Painfully and wearily they staggered along, men and dogs together scarce able to drag the sledge.

Suddenly the dogs pricked their ears and drove their shoulders into the collars with renewed vigour. Far off they had scented the smoke of Fort Rae. Then the buildings appeared, and soon, sitting round a roaring fire, the Bishop and his men forgot all their sufferings as he gave to the Indians the news he had travelled so far and risked so much to bring.

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Years had passed since that terrible journey, and many and many a time had Bishop Bompas risked his life that he might plant the standard of Jesus Christ far and wide through his great diocese.

Every summer he would journey by canoe up and down the great waterways of the country or go on foot through the forests from one Indian encampment to another. More than once he had journeyed far north to the Tukudh Indians of the Yukon, and risked his life among the fierce Esquimo on the Arctic coasts. Once all alone he had crossed the Rockies in winter, half-blinded by the snowstorms and braving the yawning precipices that lay hidden in the swirling clouds and mists. Once again in the

fall of the year he had crossed the Rockies with two Indians, racing in his canoe the swiftly falling grip of winter, while another time he had journeyed on a raft with an Indian a hundred miles down the great Mackenzie, fending off the grinding, leaping blocks of ice with long poles, till at times the water swirled to their knees, and ere long the Bishop's clothes and beard were coated with frozen spray.

Often and often hunger and exposure had brought him very near to death, but in the end God had brought him safe through all.

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A TRUANT IN THE SNOW

Now it was winter again, and he stood at the door of his log-house in Fort Simpson talking to an Indian squaw. "Jennie du Nord is lost," the woman was saying. "She ran away yesterday and has not returned."

The Bishop's heart stood still. He loved all the Indian boys and girls, and Jennie was one of his favourites. Her mother was dead, but her father, who was a chief and a great hunter, loved his little daughter dearly. Straight as a sapling, with flashing eyes and ruddy cheeks, she was afraid of nothing, whether it were to rush fearlessly upon the growling savage huskies of her father's team or to drive her little canoe through the fierce stream of the dark Mackenzie.

But lately her father had been away on a hunting expedition and Jennie had been left in the care of a hard-hearted aunt, who worked her day after day

beyond her strength, until she broke her spirit and paled her cheek.

Now Jennie had run away, and her aunt, afraid to face the Bishop's anger, had sent another to break the news.

"How long has she been gone?" he asked at last.

"Since yesterday. She had only a morsel of food and an old worn blanket."

"We must go after her at once," he said, but he shook his head. The snow lay deep, and starving wolves had been heard in the woods.

In half an hour he had started off with two Indians. They guessed she would make for her father's hunting ground, but the wind had nearly obliterated her tracks, and often even the Indians were at a loss.

They pressed on with all speed, but the snow was soft, and they had to force a way through undergrowth so thick that sometimes they had to leave the woods and take to the frozen river to advance at all. There the terrible northeast wind caught them, seeming to chill the blood even through their thick furs. For ten miles they pushed on, but could find no trace of the child, and at last they reluctantly decided to return. Suddenly one of the Indians pointed to where above the trees a faint line of blue smoke was curling. In a few minutes they had reached the spot, and there, in the corner of a dilapidated wigwam that had been du Nord's last halting-place, they found the huddled figure of the little Indian maid, her threadbare blanket drawn round her as she lay close beside a little fire. She had

arrived only to find her father gone, but she had discovered his loaded gun in a cache, and by firing it off had started the fire which had kept her alive.

"Ti-tin-tie" ("I am hungry"), she murmured as the Bishop stooped over her. Soon water was boiled and tea made, and after Jennie had revived a start was made for home. She was too exhausted to walk, and for miles the Bishop carried her in his strong arms, heedless of his soaked leggings and moccasins and the terrible cramps which were seizing him. He had devoted his life to the service of the Indian people, and his heart was full of joy that night that he had been able to save from death one of his loved Indian little ones.

INTRODUCTION

Bompas was born in 1834, and was a quiet studious boy who did not give promise of vigour and endurance. When he first went out to Canada on June 30, 1865, he determined to reach Fort Simpson, a thousand miles beyond the borders of civilisation, by Christmas. Everyone said it was impossible, but by dint of the greatest endurance he managed to accomplish a journey that had never been made before in mid-winter, and arrived on Christmas morning. He resigned his bishopric in 1905, because he felt that so great a task needed the energy of a younger man. With true humility he was just about to take up work as an ordinary missionary, when unexpectedly he died.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Would the Indians who travelled with Bompas be influenced in any way for Christianity by what they had seen and been through? If so, in what way?
2. Bishop Bompas was known as utterly indifferent to danger, even among the daring men of the North. What idea would this give them of Christianity?
3. The Indians would not, as a rule, have run much personal risk to find a child. What would they learn from the Bishop's eagerness, and especially from his joy in finding little Jennie?

Book for Reference.—*On Trail and Rapid by Dogsled and Canoe,* by Cody.

Scripture Passage.—John xiii: 34–5.

X

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

George Stott

(Date of Incident, 1868)

AIM.—To show how a lame man, in a hostile city, won men and women for Christ through his kindness to boys in his school. [NOTHING is more striking than the variety of methods employed by missionaries to evangelise China. But in this Tale we see again that it was *the man,* rather than his methods, that made the impression. It was George Stott's kindness, rather than his school, that secured a hearing for the Gospel in Wenchow.]

THE IDOL PROCESSION

AN excited crowd thronged the narrow street at Wenchow. Men and women, dressed in their best, stood expectant in the doorways, while boys and girls ran hither and thither, shouting and clapping their hands with delight.

"It is coming! It is coming!" they cried. And then down the street came the great procession. A body of young men bearing aloft strangely shaped, gaily coloured banners first appeared. Behind them came a band of musicians, beating gongs, and playing a kind of pipe. Shriller and shriller rose the weird music, and still louder throbbed the sound of the gongs. Suddenly the crowd bowed low as a group of richly robed priests moved forward with slow and stately step. Borne on their shoulders was a gaudily decorated sedan-chair, and seated

within amidst gold and silken hangings a painted image. Slowly it passed before the throng, and the people paid their tribute to the all-protecting god of the city of "Great-good-luck."

From the window of a miserable inn a stranger viewed the sight with weary eyes and aching heart. In all that mighty place with its glittering temples and idol shrines he was friendless and alone. Worse than that—he was a despised and hated foreigner, a man to be shunned, and driven forth as unworthy to tread the streets of the city of "Great-good-luck."

He had hoped to find some place where he could live in peace and quiet, and teach the religion of Jesus. But his hope was vain, and as the days went by he grew sick at heart and sore with disappointment.

"We will give you no house," they had told him, "nor will we allow you to dwell among us. We do not want your Jesus religion. When the T'aip'ings swept the land did not our gods protect our town and ourselves so that it and we escaped unhurt? This is the city of 'Great-good-luck,' and we will not anger our gods by listening to your talk."

And so George Stott, leaning on his crutch, had hobbled back to the shelter of the inn.

THE OPIUM-SMOKER OF NINGPO

The noise of the procession had scarce died away when there was a knocking outside the room. George Stott stood up and waited for his visitor. Presently a haggard-looking Chinaman entered. He advanced two paces, clasped his hands, and bowed.

"Is it the honourable stranger Stott?" he said.

"Such is my unworthy name," replied George Stott as he returned the man's salutation in Chinese fashion, "and if I am not mistaken you are from Ningpo," he continued, recognising in the shrunken features and trembling gait a well-known opium-smoker and gambler.

"Such was my dwelling-place but a few moons since."

"And what is your business with me?" asked Stott.

"You want to rent a house and none will give to you."

"Both statements are true, my friend."

"I have a poor dwelling and wish a tenant for it. If the honourable foreigner would care to see it——"

The man paused, hoping to see some sign of eagerness that would encourage him to ask an exorbitant rent for his property, but Stott's features remained immovable.

"I might have a look at it," he said calmly. "When would it suit you to show it me?"

"Now, respected sir, now, if you would condescend to follow me."

"Let it be so," returned Stott, taking up his crutch, and they went together towards the door.

Into the streets they passed and threaded their way through the crowds. Men gazed at the couple and offered insulting remarks.

"There goes the foreign devil," said one. "Why do we suffer him to pollute the streets of our city?"

"See who his friend is," sneered another, "the gambler and opium-smoker from Ningpo."

A HOUSE FOR RENT

But George Stott walked on, heedless of their jibes, hoping inwardly that at last he would be able to come to terms with the man by his side.

At length they entered a mean street in which stood a poor house.

"This is the place," said the Ningpo man, pushing open the gate and entering the courtyard.

George Stott glanced at the tumble-down dwelling. The roof was broken, the walls were tattered, and the floor broken and uneven.

"And what rent do you require?" asked Stott.

"Well, the honourable foreigner must know that if I give him this house I risk my life in so doing, consequently——"

"Yes, yes, I understand," broke in Stott. "Name your price, my friend."

With many apologies the man stated a figure far beyond the value of the place, but George Stott was determined to have it.

"I accept your offer," he said, "and will pay you a year's rent in advance."

The Chinaman beamed with satisfaction, and in a short time the bargain was signed and sealed.

Darkness closed down over Wenchow, and under its cover all that George Stott possessed was stealthily brought from the inn and placed in his new abode. For the first few days he busied himself mending the worst holes in the roof and patching

the walls and floors. At length he sat down, and on a sheet of paper wrote some Chinese characters. It was evening ere he finished the writing to his satisfaction, and then he slipped out and fastened the placard to the front door.

A FREE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Next morning a curious crowd collected round the gate. "Look at this writing, venerable uncle," said one. "The foreigner Stott is to open a free school."

"What!" exclaimed the old man; "the foreigner is to open a free school! No, no; the people of Wenchow are no fools. This is a trick. He wants our boys, to take out their hearts and livers and make them into foreign medicine. I have heard what these foreign devils have done in other cities, but this one shall not be allowed to do it here."

"Never, never," echoed the bystanders. "We will pull down his house and drive him out."

"Good, my fellow-citizens," rejoined the Chinaman. "Let us to the police with this tale," and the crowd passed down the streets, uttering threats against the daring stranger.

The day for the opening of the school arrived. George Stott stood waiting to receive his pupils. The teacher whom he had engaged sat on his chair and smoked. He was going to have an easy time, for not a single scholar put in an appearance. Noon came, and one boy tremblingly entered. Stott spoke to him kindly, showed him some pictures, and got him to talk a little about himself. The little fellow

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smiled, and was soon at his ease. When he went home his parents and playmates crowded round to hear all that the foreigner had said and done.

During the next few days more boys came to the school, but they attended very irregularly, and Stott hit upon the plan of offering them dinner if they would stay. At once the attendance improved, and the number mounted up to thirty.

"Honourable master," they said, "we will wait for supper too."

This was more than Stott had bargained for, but they were so eager in their request that he could not refuse. "Very well, then," he said. "You may remain till supper, and we shall have games when lessons are over."

THE HOSTILE PROCLAMATION

For a time all went well, and George Stott was beginning to think he had got to an end of his troubles, but one day no pupils arrived. He could not understand it. Quietly he made his way through the city.

Plastered on the walls he found a proclamation. "Regarding this foreigner Stott," it ran, "Chek-kiang and Fuh-kien are written on his passport. He may travel in these provinces, but he is not permitted secretly to do any business. He has opened a charity school to deceive boys and secretly poison them. Fellow-citizens, with one heart and mind drive him out; pull down his house, even one piece of timber do not allow to stand up. The whole city gives consent." Stott read it and made his way home.

Meanwhile an excited crowd was gathering round the placard.

"It is all true," shouted an evil-looking man.

"But the boys themselves say it is nonsense," ventured one man. There was a shout of derision, and Stott's champion beat a hasty retreat.

"What do the poor boys know?" asked a bystander. "They are drugged and bewitched by him. See, honourable brethren, see that steamer in the river yonder? The foreigner salts the boys and puts them in barrels, and when it is dark they are taken on board."

"To his house at once," shouted the maddened throng. "Pull it down and tear him limb from limb."

A CRIPPLE AND A CROWD

Gongs were beaten, sticks were seized, and in a few minutes a wild, seething mass of men were rushing towards the foreigner's abode.

Hearing the noise, George Stott limped to the door and boldly faced his enemies. Angry shouts greeted his appearance, and weapons were brandished in his face.

"Friends," he said calmly, as he leaned on his crutch, "you see I am lame. I cannot run away. If you kill me you will probably be called to account, whereas if you let me alone you will find me harmless. I have come here only for your good."

The crowd fell back abashed. One lame man against hundreds! The sight of him standing there leaning on his crutch touched even their hard hearts.

The ringleaders looked at each other as if uncertain what to do. A shout from the back of the crowd announced that the police were coming. "Listen," said Stott, his courage strengthened, "you are free to inspect my house." But no one accepted his offer. First one and then another slunk away, till only the patient figure standing in the doorway remained. There were no more threats against the foreigner that day, nor for many more to come.

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THE LAME SCHOOLMASTER

It was five years later, and one summer evening the women of Wenchow sat by their doors weaving mats, while the children played their games in the street. Presently there came the stump, stump of a crutch along the hard roadway.

The women looked up from their work.

Ah, here comes our lame schoolmaster," said one, as the shadow of George Stott fell upon them.

The children ran to meet him, and as he passed he patted them kindly and nodded to their mothers.

"There goes our foreigner," whispered another woman, "and to think that the men of our city tried again and again to stone him away!"

"But that was in the days before we knew he was good and kind."

"Now, venerable mother, if they but spoke of such a thing our boys would protect him. But heard you the news that has been spoken?"

"No," cried half a dozen voices eagerly.

"You remember Sing, the opium-smoker?"

"To be sure. It was he who took his paralysed brother to the foreigner's school because he did not want to be burdened with him."

"True; the lame schoolmaster has kept him and taught him all these years, and next Sunday he is to preach at the Jesus chapel."

"Is it so? Then I should like——" the voice was lowered to a whisper, and the woman looked cautiously around. "I should like to hear him. My boy speaks much of the foreigner's talk about this Jesus. To hear the schoolmaster preach might be wrong for us, but we may listen to Sing's brother without harm."

Unconscious of all this talk, George Stott went on his way. Some still called him the "hated foreigner." But the lame schoolmaster with his handful of boys had already opened the gates of a heathen city for the message of the King.

INTRODUCTION

Wenchow, or the "City of Great-good-luck," was a great city in the south of the Chekiang province. It was a "Fu" city (the capital of a prefecture or department), and therefore a place of considerable importance. This prefecture contained at least one million people, and no missionary or Chinese worker had ever resided in it. The population of the city itself was over 100,000.

While Hudson Taylor was in England organising the China Inland Mission he came across a young man, George Stott by name, very anxious to be a missionary, but seriously crippled by the loss of one leg. He went to China as one of Mr. Taylor's band of workers in 1866, and was stationed in Ningpo. At the close of 1867 he undertook to begin work in Wenchow, where there was no missionary at all. A fellow-missionary went with him for help and companionship on the journey, but he returned to his own station when he had seen Mr. Stott safely to his destination. Stott worked in Wenchow for twenty-three years, and died in 1889, one of its most widely known and most respected citizens.

GEORGE STOTT OFFERED DINNERS TO HIS FIRST PUPILS TO INDUCE THEM TO COME TO SCHOOL. TODAY THE COURSES OF HANDICRAFT FIRST HELP TO INTEREST, THEN TO TRAIN THE MINDS AND BODIES OF THE SEEKERS AFTER ALL GOOD.

A NORTHERN INDIAN LAKE, NEAR THE FOOT HILLS OF THE HIMALAYAS.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What chance is there in life, do you think, for a man with only one leg? How do you think a man feels when he is told that he is "no use" because of some infirmity?
2. What instances can you give of men crippled in some way who have done notable deeds?
3. Under such conditions as Stott met in Wenchow, what qualities do you think would be most important in a man?

Books for Reference.—The authority for this Tale is *The Story of the China Inland Mission,* vol. i., chap. xi.; and vol. ii., chap. vi.

Scripture Passage.—Matt. v:11, 12.

XI

THE KNIGHT ADVENTUROUS

James Hannington

(b. 1847, d. 1885)

Aim.—To show how the most daring spirit of adventure can find its greatest scope in the service of Jesus Christ.

[One way to make boys and girls feel that the service of the Kingdom of God claims all their life is to show that it demands all the spirit of adventure that is in them. Hannington *enjoyed* his adventures far more keenly when they were for God.]

AN EARLY ADVENTURE

The village of Martinhoe stands on a lonely part of the North Devon coast, where the Atlantic surges roar and foam, ever flinging their hungry white arms up the rocks as though they would tear down the great gaunt cliffs that front them. One summer afternoon in the year 1871 an event of unusual interest seemed to be taking place. The gulls and choughs whirled and screamed as though something were disturbing their solitary haunts.

On the cliff edge a group of persons was assembled, some of them villagers, some the servants from the rectory. All were intently watching a little party of five men working some way beneath them on the face of the cliff, on which they had already cut the beginning of a zigzag path which was to reach the caves below. Two of them were workmen, while

the third was old Richard Jones, now a crippled old man, but once the leading cragsman of the district. Of the remaining two, one was George Scriven, the Rector's son, and the other James Hannington, the leader of the party, a strongly-built, pleasant-faced man of about twenty-three. He was a student at the rectory, and it was he who had conceived the daring idea.

It was difficult and dangerous work. Three hundred feet below them the sea swirled and boiled among the sharp-toothed rocks, and now and then a slip of one of the workers sent a shower of stones hurtling past the screaming gulls into the water. After two or three narrow escapes the workmen gave up the task as hopeless and returned with the onlookers to the village. Only old Richard and the two young men were left. Patiently they worked, and the path zigzagged slowly down until at last it was nearly accomplished. Only one difficult bit still remained to be negotiated. The old cragsman was clinging with one hand to the loose stones of a small landslip, while with the other he plied his pick as best he might.

"Hold on, Richard," exclaimed Hannington, "until I come back. I am going to climb down a bit further and see where we can next take the path to."

Cautiously he lowered himself from point to point, now trying to get a secure grip on the slippery rock, now with one leg swinging over space as he felt for the next ledge. Suddenly he heard the blow of the old man's pick and had only just time to dodge as a great boulder and a volley of stones flew by, close

enough for him to feel the rush of air in his face. With a shout of warning he scrambled up again, pale with excitement at his narrow escape.

"I don't like the look of that old roguey[1] place where you have been climbing," said the old man.

"Nor do I," thought Hannington, with a smile, "when you are working up above."

"It can't be done," said old Richard at last, "I be going back to tell 'em I'm beat."

The two young fellows were alone. "We'll do it, George," exclaimed Hannington, "if the whole cliff comes down about our ears."

With the aid of a rope the "old roguey place" was conquered, and a few days later the two adventurers triumphantly led a wondering party down to explore the caves.

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ADVENTURER OR KNIGHT?

From the beginning James Hannington was an adventurer; it was in his bones, and had he been an explorer, a sailor, or a soldier, his life would have been one of fearless daring. But he was not yet a knight, for a knight is one who dares for a great unselfish cause. Three years passed by and he was still the man of daring, as he rode over the hills and dales of Exmoor on his wild mountain pony to visit the lonely farmsteads or minister in the little churches of the scattered Devonshire parish where he was curate. But still he was not a knight, and

[1] *i.e.* difficult.

his heart was heavy, for he knew that something was lacking in his service.

One night he lay in bed reading. Suddenly he threw aside the clothes and with one bound was on his feet, his face alight with joy. Something he had read had shown him the way. He had met face to face the King whose servant he was, and from that moment he knew that heart and soul he belonged to his King. He had become "the Knight Adventurous."

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For another year Hannington worked in Devonshire, and then he was appointed curate in charge of the private chapel his father had built at Hurstpierpoint in Sussex. He worked there for six years and was beloved by everyone. In 1878 the news reached England of the death of Lieut. Shergold Smith, the heroic leader of that little band of missionaries who sailed in 1876 to Uganda in answer to Stanley's article in the *Daily Telegraph*. The story of the hero, who had died within sight of the goal of his endeavor, struck a kindred chord in Hannington's heart, but it was not till 1882 that he definitely heard the call to be a missionary and offered himself for a period of years to go with a party of reinforcement to Uganda.

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A KNIGHT'S QUEST

It was the year 1882, and the little church at Hurstpierpoint was crammed to overflowing to hear the farewell sermon of the man who had been their

pastor for six years, and who was sailing the next day for Africa. How they loved him! the men for his fearless championship of the right and his good comradeship; the boys for his skill at outdoor sports and his interest in all their pursuits; the women for his knightly tenderness and sympathy. Now he was to leave them, and they could hardly let him go. Some said he was wrong to leave the work he had in hand. But Hannington was the King's knight and he had no doubts. "I firmly believe that I have been sent forth by God," he said. "I pray that if God will not go with me, *He will not let me go.*" Now he stood before them to give them his farewell message. "If it be that I lose my life in Africa," he said, "let no man think that my life has been wasted. As for the lives which have been already given for this cause, they have not been lost. They have filled up the trench so that others might the more easily pass over to take the fort in the name of the Lord." Truly the words of a Knight Adventurous!

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Six weeks later an Arab dhow was bowling across the thirty miles of blue sea that separates Zanzibar from the African mainland, her great sail bellying with a fair wind. She was low in the water, for she was packed as full of men as in days gone by many a dhow had been that had sailed in the opposite direction with its cargo of slaves. But these were not slaves but men who would set slaves free, the men of Hannington's expedition to Uganda.

Half a mile from the shore the dhow hove to as the water was too shallow to get any nearer, and

soon a little canoe came out to take the travellers ashore. It had had a rough passage through the surf, and when it arrived at the dhow it was some inches deep in water. Suddenly a tall white figure stood up and a laughing voice exclaimed, "Well, I'd rather a swimming bath than a foot bath." In another moment Hannington had plunged into the sea and soon had waded and splashed through half a mile of broken water, and so, as usual in his own way, "the Knight Adventurous" came for the first time to the land of his greatest adventures.

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IN DIFFICULTIES

Two months later a long canoe was skirting the south-eastern shore of the Great Lake.[1] It was a brilliant scene in the African sunlight. Cormorants and kingfishers of varied colours flashed hither and thither across the water, crocodiles and hippos floated lazily on the surface, the latter raising their heads occasionally to bellow at the passing boat. For the most part the shore was flat and dense with reeds, save where the forest ran down to the water's edge, but sometimes a great rock or even a line of cliff would break the monotonous flatness and make a little cove which would give shelter from the terrible African storms that in a moment change the smiling waters of the Nyanza into a raging sea.

It was January and the rains had set in, and soon the sun was hidden in a bank of rising clouds. No storm threatened, but only a shower of rain, when

[1] See map of Hannington's route.

suddenly the bows of the canoe were turned shorewards.

Hannington, who was sitting in the stern, looked up quickly. "Where are you going? " he asked one of the crew. "We will land you at that bay," was the reply, "and then we return home. We take you no further."

"Shall we find canoes there?"

"No."

"Is it far from Romwa's country?"

"Yes, altogether out of the way."

"But we must get to Romwa's. We shall die if we are left like this."

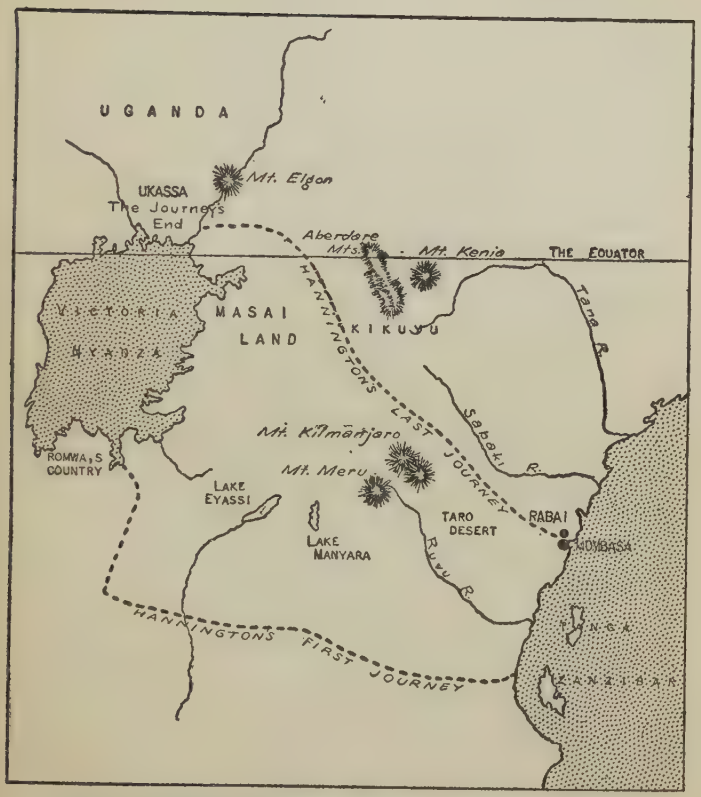
"Well, the Mzee [1] says he will not go on."

Hannington looked round him in despair. They were in a desperate case. Of the seven white men who had left Zanzibar, one had returned to the coast; two had been left at a station on the way, and one was sick and had remained at the south of the Lake with the rest of the expedition. Of the three in the canoe Hannington himself was weak with fever and his two companions desperately ill. To add to their troubles, owing to the dishonesty of one of their head men, they were very short of cloth, which, in Africa, means to be almost penniless.

Hannington looked at the feeble coast porters and then at the ruffianly crew, who were quickly getting out of hand and might at any moment rob or murder their passengers.

He had to act at once. He took his gun, loaded

[1] Lit. "old man"—the captain of the crew. Pronounced "'Mm-zee."



MAP SHOWING ROUTE FROM THE COAST OF HANNINGTON'S TWO JOURNEYS TO THE GREAT LAKE, AND UGANDA.

it and then pointing it at the Mzee, about a yard from his chest, said in a loud voice, "*Now,* will you go on?"

The effect was magical. "Yes, Bwana, yes; don't fire." Round flew the canoe and once more sped on its way. The ferocity of the crew disappeared, and soon they were laughing at the white man's sternness. It had been a critical moment, but from that time Hannington was master.

The next day Romwa's capital was reached, and there a further difficulty appeared.

Romwa demanded exorbitant presents, chiefly in guns and ammunition, which Hannington would not give. Then he refused to allow the party to proceed, and it was only by great firmness that Hannington got permission to go on alone. In two days he arrived at Kagei, where he found friends, and where the others from Romwa's country soon joined him. After a week's stay he started back overland to bring on the rest of the party from the south of the Lake.

TURNED BACK

But now, just when it seemed that the worst of the adventure was past, when all that remained was the easy water journey from Kagei to Uganda—failure came.

The very day he left Kagei Hannington was struck down again with dysentery, and a few days later he tottered into his friend's tent at Msalala,[1] a bowed, broken figure, his hands lashed to his neck,

[1] Pronounced " 'Mm-Salala."

to save the agony that every movement of his arms gave him.

Even his undaunted courage knew that his only hope of life was immediate return home. But all those hundreds of miles whose difficulties the great hope of glorious adventure had carried him through, had now to be faced again with disappointment gnawing at his heart and the rainy season at its height.

For weeks he journeyed, sometimes carried in a hammock, across marshes and over swollen rivers, where a stumble of his porters meant death, sometimes staggering along through mud nearly knee-deep, sometimes crawling painfully after his men, who had left him for dead, till he reached their halting-place. At length he arrived at the coast, no longer the buoyant hopeful figure that had plunged through the surf to the African shore, but a shattered wreck. But his heart was still the heart of the Knight Adventurous. In his terrible disappointment he still believed in the King whose knight he was, and knew that somewhere, somehow, the King had yet other adventures for him to dare.

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THE GREAT ADVENTURE

It was the year 1885. The little town of Rabai on the east coast of Africa was in a whirl of activity. A great caravan was about to start up-country on the 500-mile march to the far-off land of Uganda, and every day the compound of the mission-house was thronged with a busy crowd of porters packing

the endless bales of cloth and beads, wire and cooking utensils, gunpowder and groceries, and all the many things needed for an African journey.

To and fro among them, and busiest of all, moved a tall, bearded figure, his face full of excitement and energy, and his voice of cheerful encouragement. It was James Hannington, the Knight Adventurous, and now the first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa. His heart thrilled at these signs of preparation, for he was embarking upon a great adventure. After months of disappointment, when he had almost felt that Africa was closed to him, the doctors to his surprise and joy had pronounced him well enough to return there, and he had been sent out as Bishop in charge of the mission.

When, however, he reached Africa, it was not only to take up his adventure where he had laid it down, but a new adventure formed in his mind. He himself had good cause to remember the terribly unhealthy road from Zanzibar to the south of the Great Lake, and then the long uncertain journey by water, and he determined to open a new route from Mombasa to the north end of the Lake. It was more direct, and passed for the most part through high and healthy country, but still many shook their heads. The new way meant passing through the territory of the Masai, a fierce warlike people, at whose very name the coast porters trembled.

But the Bishop was firm and hopeful. "If this route is to be opened," he wrote, "I can see no one but myself at present to do it. I must succeed somehow or other, God being my helper." The same

spirit of determination of the old Devonshire days was now leading him on to dare great things for the Kingdom of God.

DIFFICULTIES BY THE WAY

On July 23rd the caravan started, a long string of two hundred porters heading away northwest. It was a lonely adventure that Hannington had started on, for he was the only white man, and, except for an African clergyman, all the rest were porters.

Day after day they pressed on, first across the scorching treeless desert of Taro, and then northward past the towering snow-capped peak of Kilimanjaro. From the beginning difficulties and dangers beset them—starvation in the desert, treachery and desertion by the porters, and then, as they got further north, the added danger of losing their way. A country which a few years before had been a smiling land of cane fields and banana groves had been turned by a terrible drought into a wild jungle, where the inhabitants were either dying or had fled. The country was unrecognisable to the native guides, and there were none left to direct them.

But all troubles found the brave leader still smiling. "We are a little poor," he wrote to his wife; "my watch has gone wrong, the candles and lamp oil were forgotten and left behind, and my donkey has died. Well! having no watch I don't get up in the night to see if it is time to get up, but wait till daylight dawns. Having no candle, I don't read at night, which never suits me. Having no donkey, I can judge better as to distances and as to what the

men can do." Then a worse disaster befell. The boy with the medicine chest disappeared. "I suppose I ought to turn back," Hannington wrote, "but no, not yet! If this is God's time for opening up this road, we shall open it up."

At length they reached the beautiful forest uplands of Kikuyu, and there a new danger threatened them. The Wakikuyu,[1] remembering the slave raiders from the coast lands, fled into their inpenetrable forests, and none knew when poisoned arrows might fly from the dark shadows of the trees. The natives would not come near the caravan to sell them food, until the porters were almost starving.

At last, however, Hannington himself set off into the woods with a hundred porters and, finding some natives, persuaded them to sell his men food. Soon a market was in full swing, the Wakikuyu suspicious and timid and the porters each with his loaded gun at his side. Suddenly a shot rang out. A native was stealing a porter's cloak and the latter had fired a blank cartridge to stop him. In an instant all was a confusion of flying figures, and in another moment the Wakikuyu had disappeared as if by magic into the forest, leaving their goods behind them. Greedily the porters rushed upon the food, but Hannington was there first. "Back!" he said, "all of you march back to the camp." They obeyed, and he stood there alone, knowing that hundreds of hidden eyes were upon him and many a poisoned arrow fitted to the bowstring. Presently a native peeped out, and, at the white man's call, came to him wondering, and

[1] Wakikuyu=the people of Kikuyu.

received back their goods. Then alone the Bishop returned to his men.

At last the forest lands were safely passed, and the caravan swung out into the dazzling sunshine of a great grassy plain.

A DAY OF CRISIS

But the greatest danger of all awaited them. This was the land of the dreaded Masai, and the porters trembled as they glanced at their leader. What would he do? Hitherto he had brought them through all, but would he be able to manage the fierce Masai warriors?

Hardly had the sun risen next day, when the camp was invaded by a host of Masai. First came the women in crowds, bartering and talking, followed by the older men. Then suddenly appeared a band of young warriors, smeared from head to foot with red clay and armed with their long, broad-bladed spears. Insolently they hustled the porters in all directions, fiercely threatening any who resisted them.

When a present was offered them, they sneered and demanded more. It was a critical moment. The porters were terrified, and the interpreter shook from head to foot. "Why," he begged, "why not give them what they want?" Hannington tried to reason with them, but they answered him arrogantly, "We care not whether you are a European or a Swahili: it is nought to us. But we will have the *hongo* [1] we ask."

[1] Passage-money.

There was nothing for it but to agree, but hardly were they satisfied when another, and yet another, band of warriors came, each with their demands.

In the Bishop's tent all was confusion. It was packed with warriors, who smeared everything with red clay as they examined the contents of the tent. Some were breaking open cases, some undoing bales, one reclining on the cot and another in the bath, while yet another was sampling the contents of a biscuit box.

Some examined the white man himself, stroking his hair and beard with their filthy hands, and then standing back to admire his tall figure, rivalling their own in height. "Lumuruo Kito!" ("a very great old man") they murmured.

In the midst of it all the Bishop remained quite calm and unafraid, firmly arguing about the sum to be paid, preventing now one thing now another from being stolen, encouraging his men and calming down riots.

But when that day had come to an end he determined that the caravan should not halt another day in the Masai country. Early next morning the camp was struck, and after a few days' continuous marching, camping only at night, they had passed safely through the dreaded land.

On still they passed until two and a half months after their start a halt was called about thirty miles from the Great Lake.

The Adventure was all but accomplished. All the threatened dangers of the way were safely passed, only a few days of easy and safe journeying sepa-

rated them from Uganda, and it was with a light heart that the Bishop left the great part of the caravan behind and set out on the last stage, accompanied by only fifty men.

THE END OF THE ADVENTURE

Nine days later Hannington and his men reached the little lakeside village of Ukassa, three days' journey from the capital of Uganda. For the last two days they had found the country thronged with Baganda warriors, who had come from Uganda to subdue the people of Usoga, and Ukassa itself seemed packed with them, so that the porters could hardly get through. When at last they met the village chief, he demanded an exorbitant *hongo,* which Hannington refused. Then the chief changed his tone, and at his request Hannington consented to stay with him one day.

That afternoon with a few of his men he climbed a hill near by, and looking out he saw to his joy, not two miles away, the river Nile where it leaves the great waters of the Lake. Across the Nile was Uganda; his goal was in sight! He did not dream of failure, but its shadow was even then falling on him.

"Come, Bwana," came the soft voice of a Uganda warrior, "from yonder spot thou canst see even further."

Hannington turned to follow the speaker, and, without noticing it, left his men behind.

Suddenly twenty fierce warriors fell upon him and threw him down. Wildly he struggled, now on his

feet, now down again, his captors dragging him by the legs. With a tremendous effort he kicked them off and was on his feet again, but they closed on him, and seizing his arms hurried him along. This way and that they pulled him, now dashing him violently against a tree, now captive and captors stumbling over a bush, until at last they reached the village and thrust him into a hut. Hannington drew his finger questioningly across his throat, but they shook their heads.

Battered and bruised though he was, and a close-guarded prisoner, he was not to be killed. But what could it mean?

The danger that had wrecked his plans was one that he had not known, and therefore had not taken into account. Mwanga, the young king of Uganda, had been turned against the Christians, and had been persuaded by his counsellors that the white men intended to "eat up his land," and that they would come from the northeast. To him, the Bishop arriving by this route was only the forerunner of the white men's armies.

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Five days had passed. Drums were beating and warriors were pushing their way with much shouting through the crowd which thronged round the enclosure where the white man was a prisoner. Alongside a native hut a small tent was rigged up, outside which armed warriors kept guard and held back the crowd.

On a camp-bed inside the tent Hannington lay, his face drawn and his eyes sunken with sleepless-

ness, and his body so racked with fever that he barely had strength to hold the pencil with which he was writing in his diary. It was difficult to recognise in this broken wreck the man who so joyfully had set out on the last stage of his journey.

Suddenly a warrior stooped and entered the tent and spoke to the Bishop. With an effort he rose from his bed and staggered out. His worn face was alight with joy and thankfulness. He was to be taken back to his men: that must mean that Mwanga had sent word that he was to be allowed to go on.

For two hours his escort led him through the forest, a task that his shattered strength would have found impossible but for the courage of hope reborn.

Suddenly they reached a clearing, and the warriors stopped. In the dazzling sunlight the Bishop could see a crowd of men. Another look showed that they were his own men, but naked and bound and guarded by armed warriors. In an instant the truth dawned upon him. This was the end of his adventure. He and his men had been brought there to die.

Instantly the executioners laid hands on their prisoner and began to strip off his clothes, but with that power that had so often overawed the African, Hannington drew himself up, and, as the warriors for a moment fell back, he spoke words that all could hear, and that many remembered.

"Tell your king," he said, "that I am dying for the people of Uganda, and that I have bought the road to Uganda with my life."

He knelt down, and at the same moment a gun

was fired. There was a shout and a flash of many spears in the sunlight.

The Bishop fell forward dead among his dead and dying men.

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THE QUEST ATTAINED

Had it all been worth while? He was only thirty-eight, with all the possibilities of life before him, and he had left a wife and children in England. Was his life wasted?

To-day a railway runs along that very road that he died to open, and missionaries can now swiftly and easily cover in six days a toilsome and dangerous journey that used to take them weary months of travelling. Among those forest-haunting Wakikuyu, among the fierce Masai, the Gospel of Christ is now being preached.

In Uganda itself Mwanga's son now reigns—a Christian king—and almost through the length and breadth of the country the people of Uganda worship that same Jesus, whose servant Mwanga killed.

As he fell, the Knight Adventurous had won his last and greatest adventure.

INTRODUCTION.

James Hannington was the son of wealthy parents and had a very happy, adventurous youth. He excelled in all outdoor pursuits that he undertook, was a splendid yachtsman and captain of his college boat—a born leader of men. He was always to the fore in any madcap exploit, and he carried the same spirit of adventurous daring into his service of God. In appearance he was tall and lanky, his bearded face always alive with good humour.

The story of the C.M.S. Mission to Uganda in response to Stanley's letter in the *Daily Telegraph* in 1875 can best be told to the boys from the Yarns on Mackay in *Yarns on African Pioneers*. In spite of opposition and difficulties Christianity grew

and flourished. Hannington's party was sent out to reinforce the heroic two, Mackay and O'Flaherty, who were the only ones left in Uganda of the original expedition. That spring of 1882 marked the actual beginning of the Christian Church in Uganda, five converts being baptized. From that small beginning the Church increased with great rapidity.

After Hannington's return to England in 1883, his one thought was to get back to Africa, and he constantly sought medical permission to return. The first verdict was "Africa, never!" the question of any other climate being in abeyance. But his splendid constitution reasserted itself and six months later, when the increasing number of stations in Central Africa made the Committee of the C.M.S. feel that there was a pressing need for the supervision of a bishop, their thoughts naturally turned to him. An eminent specialist gave it as his opinion that Hannington could live and work for many years in Africa, and on June 24, 1884, he was consecrated Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What effect did the consecration of himself to God have on the traits of character that made Hannington admired in his boyhood?
2. There was more risk in the Uganda venture than in that on the Devonshine cliffs, but was this foolhardy? If not, why not?
3. Do you think from Bishop Hannington's last words that he felt that he had failed? We can see that he did not fail, but how was he able to feel that the adventure was not a failure?

Books for Reference.—*Yarns on African Pioneers,* by Basil Mathews. *Life of Bishop Hannington,* by Canon Dawson.

Scripture Passage.—Phil. iii: 6–10.

XII

THE GUEST OF THE IRON BUDDHA

David Hill

(Date of Incident, 1878)

AIM.—To show that, where words are useless, "charity never faileth."

[STILL pursuing our key-thought that China has been opened to the Gospel by the missionary's life rather than by his preaching, we come to another factor of Christian character that has produced a favourable and deep impression upon the minds of the people. With all her sages and her teaching about duty, China has, in her own religions and ethics, no parable of the Good Samaritan, and has no real knowledge of the spirit of neighbourly benevolence taught by it. China was impressed by what she saw of this (to her) new kind of charity in David Hill, rather than by any abstract declaration of it. *It was the man's life that told.*]

FOREIGNERS TO THE RESCUE

A ROUGH wooden cart bumped and jolted along the mountain road that led down to Ping-Yang-Fu, the wealthiest city in southern Shansi. By its side a sullen Chinaman trudged through the deep sand and stumbled over the ruts, often more than a foot deep. Every now and again he cracked his long whip and urged his mules forward, while the two men in the cart clung to the sides as the springless vehicle lurched threateningly. Both of them wore the long, loose robe of the Chinese, with heads shaved in front and the hair plaited in long pig-tails at the back. To all appearances they were Chinese

merchants travelling south to the great city, only in these sad days of the early summer of 1878 no merchants journeyed towards Ping-Yang. It was a city of the dead and dying, tortured by famine and wasted by fever, a place to be shunned by all who valued their lives.

And still these men pressed on with eager, anxious looks on their faces. As they descended to the plain, bare and deserted fields met their gaze instead of waving crops of rice and maize. In the village through which they passed, haggard wasted forms lifted their hands in piteous appeal. Far off came the howl of prowling wolves wandering unheeded amid the homes of people too weak to drive them away.

"This is worse than anything we have seen beyond the mountains, Hill," said the younger man as they travelled on. David Hill bent his head in silence.

For weeks he had been at work relieving the starving thousands in the north, and now he had come south, hoping that things might not be so bad as had been reported. But, alas! the worst had not been told. Would that it had been possible to come earlier! Still, something might yet be done. "Hurry, driver, hurry," he said impatiently. "We must reach Ping-Yang to-night."

The whip cracked, the mules bounded forward, and the cart jolted and bumped more dangerously than ever. The hot sun beat down relentlessly from a sky of cloudless blue. Hot, tired, dusty, and sore, Hill and his companion at length drew near the

city. From far off their coming had been seen, and at the gate a curious crowd were waiting.

"The foreigners have come! The foreigners have come!" shouted the stronger. The weaker hobbled down the streets, repeating the cry. Inside the houses, where men and women and children lay dying of hunger, listening ears caught the strain. They rolled their heads sadly and then turned despairingly to the wall. Even if the foreigners were bringing help it was too late for them.

WELCOMED TO THE TEMPLE

Meanwhile the prefect of the city had donned his robes and gone to meet the strangers.

"Honourable gentlemen from afar," he said, bowing low, as David Hill and his friend jumped down from the cart, "we bid you welcome to our stricken city. Your good deeds in Tai-Yuen, beyond the mountains, are known to us. Whatever help you can render us we shall gratefully receive. Our need is indeed great, and our plight beyond speech. Thousands of our people are already dead, and many more are dying daily. We have besought the gods to hear us, but they hearken not to our prayers, and Ancient Heaven is as brass. For many, many moons no rain has fallen. The fields are bare, and the ground parched beyond the memory of our honourable ancestors."

The crowd looked on in dumb amazement: the proud scholars and the selfish rich were indignant at the official reception of the hated foreigners, but it was no time for strife. A hopeless despair had

seized upon the people of Ping-Yang, and the suffering thousands cared not by whose hand help came.

With due ceremony the travellers were led to the temple of the Iron Buddha, standing on a hill not far from the city, and surrounded by fields that, in happier days, yielded their double crop of rice each year. The friendly, grey-robed priests stood by the gate, and as the crowd approached, the great doors swung open to receive the unwonted guests. With steady tread David Hill and his companion passed the portals of the heathen shrine, and were shown into an unused room that had been hastily swept for their reception. The door closed behind them, and they knelt down to thank their Father in heaven for all the way by which He had led them.

Night fell over the desolate city, and the stars looked coldly down on Ping-Yang-Fu. The noise of the streets died away: the wail of the suffering people was hushed. The last worshipper passed through the temple gates, and the slow-moving priest turned the key. The chanting before the great iron image ceased, and silence reigned.

But in the dim recesses of the heathen place, David Hill and his fellow-worker sat by the flickering lamp light and laid their plans. Before them were the lists of those who most needed help, and in a corner lay the precious bars of silver they had brought over the mountain road. To-morrow they would begin their work; to-night they would plead the cause of this suffering people at the Throne of the All-pitying God. Little cared they though they

knelt in a heathen temple. The Master whom they had come to show forth, through deeds of mercy, was as surely in this place as in a stately cathedral built by Christian hands.

SERVING THE SUFFERING

At length the day broke and David Hill went forth to the stricken city. A hungry-eyed crowd clamoured round him. Some, more desperate than the others, clung to his robes and on bended knee besought his help.

"Be patient, friends," he said kindly, "and I will give you what I can. First let me visit those who are in worse plight than yourselves," and he passed down the street till he entered one poor home.

On the brick *k'ang* [1] lay a woman too weak to raise her eyes as the stranger entered. Over a few embers a thin, haggard man strove with trembling hands to boil a pot in which he had placed some weeds and ground chaff. Huddled in a corner a child sat moaning, and chewing at a piece of elm bark.

David Hill was stirred with deep pity. From the folds of his robe he took a piece of silver.

The man clutched at the glittering piece and muttered his thanks as he hobbled off to the money-changers. In a little he would return with a great string of copper *cash*,[2] which would buy rice for many days to come.

And so throughout that day and for many days

[1] A raised brick platform for sleeping on, heated in winter by a flue.

[2] A coin equal to about $\frac{1}{80}$ of a cent.

that followed, David Hill went about the streets of Ping-Yang, giving himself unreservedly in the service of the famine-stricken people, and inspiring them with fresh hope and courage by his strength and cheerfulness.

THE SECRET OF THE SERVICE

He was no longer a despised foreigner, looked upon with hatred and suspicion, but a saviour of the poor and the suffering. Often, as night drew on, they saw him make his way to the *yamen*[2] *of* the prefect for fresh lists of those he was to help on the morrow, and then, weary with the long day's toil, he trudged across the fields to the temple of the Iron Buddha to rest his tired body before beginning the labours of a new day.

"Why does he do all this for us?" men began to ask themselves.

"It must be the Jesus religion that makes him do it," suggested some.

"No," said others, "it cannot be that. We have been told that the Jesus religion teaches men to steal children and forget their parents."

"It cannot be so," argued one. "Bad men do that, and our Li [Hill] is not a bad man. He does good deeds, so the Jesus religion must be good. We have been wrongly told, my brothers."

And so the summer wore on. At length there came great news. Rain was falling heavily in the north. Men looked towards the mountains, and there great banks of dark clouds were gathering.

[2] The official residence of a district magistrate.

Slowly they rolled southward, and, bursting over the plain, deluged it in grateful torrents. Hope and strength revived as men went forth into the fields to plough and scatter the precious seed. Once more Ping-Yang-Fu would have food to eat.

. . . . . .

A PROOF OF GRATITUDE

It was some months later, and outside a house in Ping-Yang two Chinamen met.

"Where are you going, elder brother?" said one of them.

"I go within this house," he answered.

"Ah, it is the house which the magistrates have given to the foreigner Li."

"True; it is here he meets his friends and talks with them."

"They say he teaches the Jesus religion. Have you no fear to enter his house, brother?"

"Fear? No; our Li seeks not the hurt of any man. Have you forgotten all he did for us in the famine time?"

"No, truly. We of Ping-Yang can never forget."

"Why, then, come with me now and show thy gratitude to the foreigner."

As the two entered, David Hill rose to greet them with a smile. He had done what he could and now, after many days, men heard him gladly. The door was opening at Ping-Yang-Fu.

INTRODUCTION

David Hill (born in York in 1840) went to China under the Wesleyan Missionary Society in 1864. For thirty-two years he worked in the neighbourhood of Hankow, and died in 1896 of

typhus contracted while carrying famine relief. The Shansi Famine began in 1877 and continued until late in 1879. Early in 1878 the London *Times* declared "on authority which cannot be questioned, that seventy millions of human beings are now starving in North China. . . . The imagination fails to cope with a calamity so gigantic." This great famine was particularly severe in the Shansi province. The weather was very cold, and strong men, once well dressed, lay down to die upon the frozen ground with only rags to protect them from the piercing winds. Hungry dogs and wolves and birds devoured the dead as they lay unburied in the snow. As things became worse, fierce wolves rushed through villages, carrying off little children, and sometimes men and women. In not a few instances the famished people devoured the flesh of their dead companions, and there were cases of people killing and eating children, and even adults. In the district of Ping-Yang, the death rate for 1878 was 73 per cent.

The suffering people appealed to their gods for help, and then to the local officials, who called a fast, and tried to appease the god of rain. Then the mandarins asked the gentry of the neighbourhood to "contribute" a fixed sum of money, and at last an appeal was laid before the Throne. But the government machine moved slowly, and although the other provinces were ordered to collect famine-relief taxes, the difficulty of transporting grain and other food to Shansi was tremendous, for China had then not a mile of railway. The Gulf of Chihli was frozen, so boats could not reach Tientsin, the nearest port, and the overland journey of several hundred miles was unusually difficult owing to the severe weather. Still the Government did its best, and large quantities of millet and other grain were carried on rough carts. But, even at that terrible time, the funds meant for relief were "squeezed" by officials.

Hearing of the state of affairs, Timothy Richards, of the Baptist Mission, got together all the money he had available (£600) and went across the mountains to Shansi. His harrowing accounts touched Christians in England and America, and a sum of £50,000 was sent to China for the missionaries to distribute. David Hill left his work near Hankow and went to Shansi, accompanied by Mr. Turner of the C.I.M., and Mr. Whiting of the American Presbyterian Mission. They were not welcome at first. The governor of the province thought they only "wanted to steal the hearts of the people." And at K'ai-Feng-Fu some missionaries were requested to go away and their proffered help was declined. The people and officials could not forget their hatred of foreigners.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What was there about David Hill and his fellow missionaries that would impress the Chinese?
2. Do you think the sacrifice made by Hill in living like the Chinese was actually worth while? If so, why?

3. Which do you think had the greater influence on the Chinese, Hill's preaching or his charity?

Books for Reference.—*David Hill, Missionary and Saint,* by Dr. Barber. *How David Hill Followed Christ,* by Miss Helliers. *One of China's Scholars,* by Mrs. Howard Taylor.

Scripture Passage.—Luke xxii: 26-7.

XIII

THE GREAT WHITE FATHER

James Stewart

(b. 1831, d. 1905.)

AIM.—To show the uplifting power of a man's belief in his fellowmen, and to excite admiration for a grim determination in an unpopular ideal.

THE RESOLVE

ONE autumn morning in the year 1845 a plough driven by a tall boy was coming down a field alongside the hilly road from Perth to Scone. The plough reached the angle of the field where the road to the Carse of Gowrie joins the Perth Road and the horses swung round. The boy eased the share out of the rippling soil and lifted the plough to the line of the next furrow, but instead of calling to the horses, he leaned on the handles of the plough and looked around him as though lost in thought. The horses willingly hung their heads in their loosened collars, and the boy's eyes swept the hills, following the white ribbon of the road, resting for a moment on a distant stone-built farm house, and then dropped again to the plough. Suddenly he straightened himself, pushing back the wavy dark hair from his forehead, and a look of determination came to his face. His lips moved as though he spoke to himself. The next moment he called to the horses, and with a

rattle of straining harness the plough started up-field once more.

Had there been a passer-by on the road that morning he would hardly have noticed the incident, and yet in that moment a decision had been made that shaped the whole of a life of service to God and man.

Anyone who looked into James Stewart's face could tell by his deep-set eyes and thoughtful expression that he was no ordinary ploughboy. His father was tenant of Pictstonhill, the chief farm of that part, and in his holidays James helped in all ways on the farm. But there were many other influences at work in his life. There were books, not only read at school, but pored over for many an hour on the sunny slopes of the Perthshire hills. From his beautiful clever mother James inherited his love of reading, and Shakespeare and Milton, or some book of travel or adventure, often went with him on his rambles.

Sometimes a gun would replace the book, and he and his brother or cousin would spend whole days shooting over the upland moors.

But perhaps what had most influence upon his imagination in these boyhood days were the services held in his father's barn. It was when James was twelve years old that the great "Disruption" took place in the Scottish Church, when a large number of ministers and members broke their connection with the State and formed themselves into a "Free Church." As the minister of this neighbourhood had not "come out" from the Established Church,

the leadership of the "Frees" had fallen upon "Pictstonhill," as the villagers called Mr. Stewart, and the services were held in his barn.

From the first James had taken part in these services, a slim, wondering boy, holding the candle while the preacher read the Bible—"juist a hafflin' laddie and a cannel-stick," as an old woman afterwards said of him. It all stirred him strangely, the bare stone walls around which often the wind was howling, the great beams of the roof, the rough benches, the stern-faced folk dressed in homespun greys and blacks, the few candles, whose little circles of light threw up the general gloom and only deepened the black shadows above the rafters.

As he held the candle, there were his parents just before him, "Pictstonhill" with his massive figure and bearded face, and his mother, tall and nobly featured—to her boy, the perfection of all that was holy and good. Behind them, half-seen in the candlelight, were the faces of the men and women he knew in the village, simply living, God-fearing folk. The strong voices joining in the tuneful Scottish psalms, the earnest eloquence of the preacher, the romantic independence of their worship, all moved him in a way he could not fully understand.

By the time he was fifteen James Stewart was a tall, thoughtful boy, strong in body and mind, with a deep religious passion for the right, and a keen sense of the bigness of life.

It was that last thought that was uppermost in his mind that autumn morning as he followed the plough; and he had been asking himself whether he

could not do something greater with his life than by always staying in those Scottish hills he loved. When he straightened himself and spoke, these were his words: "God helping me, I will be a missionary!"

The boy at the plough had put his hand to the plough of life, and he never looked back.

"Jim," he exclaimed to his cousin one day, on one of their shooting expeditions, "I shall never be satisfied till I am in Africa with a Bible in my pocket, and a rifle on my shoulder to supply my wants."

STEWART AND LIVINGSTONE

It was February 2nd of 1862. The *Hetty Ellen,* a little sailing vessel of some hundred and eighty tons, was beating her way southward along the coast of Africa from Mozambique.

She was six weeks out of port, and the crew and passengers were weary of the voyage. One of them paced restlessly about her decks like a caged lion. He was a tall man of about thirty, with dark eyes and hollow cheeks and a look of fierce intensity. James Stewart had reason to be anxious for the voyage to come to an end. He had come out to Africa on a difficult mission, and so far had encountered nothing but obstacles.

During Livingstone's visit to Scotland in 1857 the imagination of the young student, preparing for the ministry, had been caught by the great explorer's challenge about Africa: "I have opened the door. I leave it to you to see that no one closes it after me." Now Stewart had come out to Africa to prospect as to the possibility of the Presbyterian Church

founding a mission in the newly-explored territory of the Shiré and Zambezi.

Ever since his arrival at Cape Town in August, 1861, he had met with opposition. Slandered by some as to his motives, hindered by every obstacle that could be put in his way, he had even been assured that Dr. Livingstone, now Consul-General of the Zambezi district, would not welcome or receive him. But even so his determination was unshaken. "It may be possible," he wrote, "to enter Central Africa without him or in spite of him."

At last, after great difficulty, he had secured a passage from Port Natal on the *Hetty Ellen,* which had called there on its way from Glasgow to Livingstone on the Zambezi; but for four weeks they had been beating up and down the coast, looking in vain for him. Stewart could not help wondering what sort of welcome he would have at the end of it all.

"Ship ahoy!" The look-out's cry brought crew and passengers all on deck, to see a steamboat approaching along the coast. Soon it was clear that this was the long-looked-for boat, the *Pioneer,* and ere long a figure could be seen in the bows, looking very smart and official in white trousers, a frock coat and a naval cap.

Soon the vessels were alongside, a boat was lowered and Stewart boarded the *Pioneer.* The men were introduced, and Livingstone eyed the younger man keenly.

"I am glad to see you here, Mr. Stewart," he said in a kindly voice. "Thank you, Doctor," was all Stewart's reply; but his heart leapt at the welcome.

From the first Livingstone recognized in his young fellow-countryman the born pioneer, and an immediate friendship sprang up between them. Ere long Stewart found himself as Livingstone's guest at the explorer's headquarters at Shupanga, the confluence of the Zambezi with its great tributary, the Shiré. Five months later Stewart started, with one other white man, in a native canoe cut from a tree trunk, to explore the Shiré.

. . . . . .

It was February of 1863. Down the muddy waters of the Zambezi delta a canoe was being driven by the strong arms of six negroes. It had rained incessantly for days, and the gaunt figure sitting in the stern was soaked to the skin. His clothes were in rags and clung to him, his head was bowed, his body shaking with fever. In seven months Stewart had done more exploring than many men could do in two years. First up the Shiré, through the great fever-haunted elephant marsh, past herds of elephants and numberless crocodiles and hippopotami. Often, as he had dreamed in his boyhood days, only his rifle had stood between him and starvation.

On and on he had pressed, away beyond the great Murchison Cataracts, through villages of startled but kindly natives, past many a smoking ruin on the slavers' track. Immediately on his return to Shupanga he had started up the Zambezi, spurring on his despairing crew through the bewildering river-shoals. Now he was on his way to the coast, his body racked, his clothes threadbare, his purse almost

empty, but with an undaunted vision of a great mission in the Shiré Highlands. A pioneer who had made good!

And in those months of hardship and adventure, Stewart had learned two things that served him ever after. He had learned to trust absolutely in God and to believe in the possibilities of the African.

"THE GREAT WHITE FATHER"

Along the brown ribbon of road that threads its dusty track across the endless hills and hollows of the South African veld, a high trap was being rapidly driven. The man driving it was James Stewart. Tall, alert, broad-shouldered, he was a giant among men, while the keen expression of his bearded face marked him out as a leader. "Somgzada," the Africans called him, "the Long-strider," "the man who was always there!"

It was fifteen years since he had staggered ashore from his canoe at the mouth of the Zambezi, and for all those years Stewart had been steadily forging ahead, in the teeth of opposition, on the path of his ideals and his belief in the African race.

Not long after his expedition up the Shiré he had been appointed Principal of the School at Lovedale in Cape Colony. Already, when he arrived there, the school was unlike almost any other in the world, in that white and black were being educated side by side. But the Kafirs paid nothing. Immediately Stewart saw that this was a slur on the African race. Public opinion declared that the African would not

pay for education. For two days Stewart held a "palaver" with them. From that time they paid!

Again, like General Armstrong, his great contemporary in America, Stewart believed that he could really teach the African how to live only by teaching him to love labour. Others said it was impossible. Stewart accomplished it, working with them with his own hands.

To-day, as he drove across the veld, he was engaged in the last stage of one of the greatest ventures of faith in the African people that he had ever made. Five years before a letter had come to him at Lovedale from the Fingo tribe beyond the Kei River to come and found a school in their midst. The Fingoes had only lately emerged from a condition of slavery, following endless defeats in tribal wars. Stewart's heart leapt to their appeal, but he determined to test them first. "Raise £1,000," he had told them, "and I will come."

Everyone said it was impossible; even the Kafirs did not think the despised Fingoes could ever take up that challenge. Stewart believed they would. In four or five months a telegram reached him: "Come up, the money is ready." There, on the open veld, he had received the tribe's offering, £1,500. In less than three years the Fingo school at Blythswood had been built.

And now he was going there to meet the tribe in their final effort to pay off the debt on the building.

The three days' drive from Lovedale was difficult and in parts dangerous, but Stewart thought nothing of that. Now the journey was at an end. The

trap breasted a rise, and there across the valley was Blythswood, the whole place thronged with people. As they climbed the last hill to the school there was a roar as of gathering thunder, and in a cloud of dust some five hundred horsemen came charging down the hill, the foals keeping place in the charge by their dams. It was the tribe's welcome to "Somgzada," the "Long-strider," the "Great White Father" of their people, the welcome they gave only to their greatest chiefs.

In a few minutes Stewart had reached the school and passed into the hall. Before him was a sea of dark, earnest faces, the headmen of the tribe. Slowly, solemnly, silently, one by one, they came up to the platform, bringing each the offering of his people. Then the speech-making began and lasted for hours. At the end Stewart rose to speak. Towering over them with his massive form, his voice ringing to every corner of the hall, he was a very king among men. They listened in a breathless silence.

"This work," he said, "is an answer to the statement often made that the natives are unimprovable. We who work with you know better. There is the same limitless improvement possible to the natives as to any men of any colour God has made." He sat down and a great shout greeted his words, the shout of a people for their "father," who by believing in them had made them men.

Hardly carrying in his arms the great bag holding £1,100 in silver, Stewart brought it to his trap. The meeting was over and he had to return.

As the trap slowly climbed the hill there swelled

out of the twilight the thunder of hoofs. One after another the troops of horsemen swept by, paused a moment on the ridge to wave farewell to the "Great White Father"—and were gone. All that was left was the peace of the veld, rolling ceaselessly to the distant hills, black against a sunset sky.

And on the heart of James Stewart, the tireless lover of his African people, there fell an answering peace.

INTRODUCTION

James Stewart's life was one of far more varied activity than it has been possible to indicate in this Tale. Not only an explorer and an educationist, he was a doctor of great skill and infinite compassion, a botanist, an author, an excellent farmer, and had a practical knowledge of the many industries which were taught at Lovedale. He died in Africa in 1905 in his seventy-fifth year.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Is it true that often men do not find out exactly what God wants them to do, because they have never considered *where* He wants them to do it? Was Stewart right in thinking he could make a bigger thing of his life in Africa than in Scotland?
2. In what way do you think Stewart's boyhood experiences helped him in his first visit to Africa?
3. "Stewart felt this was a slur on the African race" (page 141). Does this motive explain Stewart's success in the palaver?
4. "There is the same limitless improvement possible to the natives as to any men of any colour God has made" (page 143). Do you think this is true? If so, what follows from it?

Books of Reference.—*Stewart of Lovedale,* by James Wells. *Dawn in the Dark Continent,* by James Stewart.

Scripture Passage.—1 Cor. i : 26–9.

XIV

THE BLINDNESS OF CHING-LANG-FOO

Dr. Arthur Peill

(Date of Incident, 1905)

AIM.—To show how a Christian doctor's treatment of the poor and suffering opened the door for the Gospel.

[TALE XII showed the influence of Christian charity on the prejudiced Chinese mind. We are now to consider another expression of that same all-conquering charity—medical missionary work. But here again the personal factor has come in. The scientific skill of the mission doctor has been the candlestick upon which the light of Christian love has burned brightly. The patients have often been more impressed by the doctor's kindness than by his power to heal. Indeed, in many instances, the kindness has won the patient's heart, though the case has baffled the medical skill.]

THE CONJURER FAILS

THE city of Tsang-Chow was on holiday. Gaily dressed crowds thronged the streets and brightly coloured banners hung from the shops and houses. Paper lanterns suspended on poles swung to and fro in the breeze, while the boats on the Grand Canal were gay with bunting. The temple grounds were crowded with men, women, and children, all out to see the fun of the fair. Round a sweet stall a group of chattering girls gathered to spend a *cash* or two on the dainties offered there. At another booth a number of boys waited their turn to view a gorgeous peep-show, but the centre of attraction was a raised platform from which a man announced

that Ching-Lang-Foo—the one and only Ching-Lang-Foo—wonder-worker and conjurer extraordinary—was about to perform. Denser and denser grew the crowd; every point of vantage was eagerly taken, and then the spectators waited in breathless excitement for the appearance of the magician.

Presently an old man appeared, and, bowing low several times, rose and commenced his performance. At first his tricks were quite ordinary—fire spouted from his mouth; yards of coloured ribbon streamed from pieces of paper, and showers of coins fell from unexpected quarters.

The boys and girls were delighted, but the older folks, who had seen such tricks scores of times, wanted something more startling from a man of Ching-Lang-Foo's reputation, and so, as the conjurer went on, he became more daring. But somehow Ching-Lang-Foo seemed to have lost his skill. One trick after another failed to come off. The old man passed his hand wearily across his eyes and tried again. Once more he failed. The crowd at first laughed good-humouredly, but soon they began to grow hostile. At each failure the hostility increased, and at last they began to hurl insulting remarks at Ching-Lang-Foo. In a body they rose up to rush the platform, and the old man, seeing the gathering storm of anger, suffered himself to be led away by a friend. Quickly they made their way to one of the less-frequented streets of the city, where they could with safety progress at a slower pace.

THE FRIEND'S SUGGESTION

"Alas, alas!" said Ching-Lang-Foo, breathlessly. "I am a ruined man. For many moons I have felt that this would happen one day. My eyes, friend, my eyes are no longer clear. I see things but dimly, and my tricks miscarry, but to-day it has been worse than ever. Soon I shall be a blind old man, and the great Ching-Lang-Foo will become a despised beggar."

He sighed deeply, and took hold of his friend's long robe.

"Guide me, Sen-Yen," he said feebly, "and take me to my lodging. Rather than become a beggar I will end my life."

"Courage, Ching-Lang-Foo. I have an idea. Have you ever heard of the Beloved Physician of Tsang-Chow?"

"Who is he? As you know I am a wanderer over the country, and only visit the city when there is a fair."

"Then I must tell you of our wonderful foreigner, Pan-Tai-Fu![1] He is a greater wonder-worker than yourself. There was a man in our street dying of diphtheria one night, and the neighbours sent for Pan-Tai-Fu. He came quickly but the man was already dead when he arrived. And what think you the foreigner did? Opened his throat and made him breathe again."

"No I!" exclaimed the astonished Ching-Lang-Foo.

[1] The Chinese name for Dr. Arthur Peill.

"True, I can show you the man."

"Was he rich?" asked the conjurer.

"Rich? No, I tell you he lived in our street and no one there is rich. Rich or poor is of no consequence to Pan-Tai-Fu. He heals all alike. Not long ago a beggar crawled to the gates of the foreigner's hospital and asked admission. No one in Tsang-Chow would have touched him, but Pan-Tai-Fu took him in, nursed him with his own hands, and when he was well again found him work, and now he has a comfortable home."

"Such kindness is marvellous, Sen-Yen—and he a foreign devil, too! Why has he left his own land and come to do such deeds here?"

"Ah, that is something strange. Listen"—the man drew Ching-Lang-Foo closer and whispered—"when people ask that question Pan-Tai-Fu smiles and says it is because the Jesus whom he worships has bade His followers do so."

The old man started.

"So he is one of the Jesus sect? Ah, Sen-Yen, let us have nothing to do with him if we respect the gods."

"The gods!" returned Sen-Yen disdainfully, "what have they done for the sick? Will any of their worshippers nurse a beggar?"

"Beware, Sen-Yen, this healing is a trick to trap us."

"Then 'tis a wondrous good trick, Ching-Lang-Foo, and one that makes Tsang-Chow love the foreign doctor and think more kindly of his religion."

"And you think he could cure my blindness?"

"It will be strange if he cannot, for blinder men than you have gone in through the gates of Lê Shan Yuan[1] and come out with their sight restored."

"I should like to try his skill, but I fear greatly."

"Fear, Ching-Lang-Foo! Why should you fear! Come, I will take you to Lê Shan Yuan now. It is on the other side of the Canal, close to the ferry."

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN AT WORK

In a short time the two reached the hospital and Ching-Lang-Foo found himself in the waiting room. Down the corridor came a quick step and the sound of a voice humming a tune. The door opened and Arthur Peill entered with a cheery smile on his face. Instantly Ching-Lang-Foo prostrated himself till his forehead bumped the floor.

"Pray rise, venerable Sir, get up. Don't hurt yourself on my account. What can I do for you?"

"I am Ching-Lang-Foo, the conjurer," began Ching, prepared in Chinese fashion to give full details of himself.

"Then play no tricks on me, worthy Mr. Ching, as I am very busy to-day."

"Alas, honourable doctor, my eyesight is gone and I can no longer follow my profession."

"So that's how the matter stands," said Peill kindly. "Let's have a look at the eyes."

Arthur Peill examined the man carefully and a look of tenderness came over his face.

"Yes, poor chap," he went on, "I can well under-

[1] "The compound of those who delight to do good." A tablet presented by the gentry of Tsang-Chow, bearing these words, adorns the north gate of the hospital.

stand you won't be able to carry on your line of business with eyes in that state. It's a case of double cataract and almost ripe for operating."

"Can it be cured?" asked Ching-Lang-Foo anxiously.

"If the operation is successful, I should say, yes. Will you trust yourself in my hands, Ching-Lang-Foo?"

Somehow the tone of the doctor's voice and the strange charm of his personality had banished all doubt and fear from Ching-Lang-Foo's mind.

"Yes, honourable doctor, I will trust you."

"That's all right then. I shall require you to stay here for some time if the treatment is to be successful. Come, my friend, I will take you to the eye ward, and if I am not mistaken the name of Ching-Lang-Foo will be famous again as in days past."

. . . . . .

THE TRIBUTE OF A GRATEFUL HEART

Some months later in a city far from Tsang-Chow, Ching-Lang-Foo had set up his stage at the corner of a street. As he busied himself with preparations for his performance the usual curious crowd began to gather.

"Who is the fellow?" asked a bystander of his neighbour.

"Don't you know? It's Ching-Lang-Foo."

"Ching-Lang-Foo—the great conjurer? Why, we were told he had gone blind several moons since."

"True, but haven't you heard what happened?"

"No."

"You will very soon then, for see, Ching is about to begin and he never commences his tricks nowadays without telling the story of his blindness. Listen, he is going to speak."

The old man came forward, bowed several times as usual, and then asked the crowd to be silent.

"Good friends," he began, "hear me patiently. Do not the scholars tell us that gratitude is a virtue becoming to all men? You agree? Well, then, hear my story. For years I have performed up and down the land as many here know, and gained some fame by my poor skill. At length, however, my eyes grew dim and my hand lost its cunning. When I could not see I blundered badly till one day in Tsang-Chow I failed altogether. Men jeered at me and said, 'Ching-Lang-Foo has performed his last trick.' I said so too. But in Tsang-Chow there is a marvellous foreign doctor, Pan-Tai-Fu by name. To him I went, doubting much and hoping for little. He received me with kindness and with wondrous skill cut away the growth from my sightless eyes. I feel his gentle touch still as he placed the bandages upon me and tenderly led me to the darkened room where for many days I waited in hope and fear. Every morning and evening Pan-Tai-Fu visited me and told me such tidings as I had never heard before. At last one day he took the bandages from my eyes. Wonder of wonders! I saw things clearly once more. To the good doctor I owe this restored sight, and what think you is he? A Jesus man!

"Ah, good friends, I know well enough you think as I did once that there is no good but much evil

in the Jesus religion. I know a little about it now, and marvel at the folly of those who revile it, but I know more about the foreigners who practise it for I have dwelt among them. They live not for themselves but for others. That is what Jesus demands, and the doing of it brings much happiness to their own hearts and great joy to those on whom this love is showered. This is my testimony, good people. Wherever I go, I give it with a grateful heart. Every word I have spoken is true. If you doubt me go to Tsang-Chow and be convinced for yourselves."

Ching-Lang-Foo stopped abruptly. When the crowd recovered from its astonishment they saw the old man working with his accustomed skill. But it was not the clever tricks that they remembered most that day. It was the kind deed of the Beloved Physician of Tsang-Chow and the new light on the Jesus religion.

INTRODUCTION

Dr. Arthur D. Peill was born in 1874 in Madagascar (where his parents were missionaries). He went to North China as a medical missionary under the London Missionary Society at the age of twenty-two, and became known as "the Beloved Physician of Tsang-Chow." After ten years of devoted labour, he died of typhoid fever in 1906. Dr. Peill so won the goodwill of the people of Tsang-Chow that the local gentry got up a subscription to help him in his work, and over a hundred of them contributed. Even the Mohammedan mullah became a subscriber. "There is not a man in Tsang-Chow but would give Dr. Peill anything he might ask for," said one Chinaman. And when "the Beloved Physician" died, the city officials and gentry asked for a special memorial service so that they could express their sorrow. The district magistrate, the colonel of the troops, officials of all ranks, Confucianists, Buddhists, Mohammedans joined in one great service, and large numbers were unable to gain admission. Ten years earlier Tsang-Chow was one of the most bitterly anti-foreign cities in the province.

At best the old style Chinese doctor is a herbalist but little

more, having a few homely remedies at his command for use in simple cases. It is quite customary to "let out" the demon in the eye or ear by piercing with needles—causing total blindness or deafness. The Chinese doctor "commits to memory a list of three hundred places in the body through which skewers may be driven with safety"—the list includes the stomach and lungs! Dr. Peill one day had a patient who had been ordered by a Chinese doctor to swallow six little frogs alive every day for a month, to cure bad sight! Another missionary had a patient suffering from dyspepsia: a native practitioner had ordered him to take stone ground up and mixed to a paste with water. He had already consumed half a millstone weighing sixty pounds. Other remedies include tiger's claws, snake skin, fossil bones, hartshorn shavings, scorpions, centipedes, and other things too horrible to mention. One Chinaman related the treatment his wife received for toothache: "They bound a towel about her forehead, placed a brass pot on her head filled with boiling water, and for two hours kept up the temperature by ladling out the cooling water and adding boiling water in its place. At the end of two hours the patient had lost her pain. She was dead!"

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Could not the Chinese doctors help Ching?
2. Why did the work of medical missionaries at first increase Chinese prejudice?
3. How would you answer the question of some Chinese, "Why has the foreign doctor left his own land and come to do such kind deeds here?"

Books for Reference.—*The Beloved Physician of Tsang-Chow,* and *Medical Missions,* by Moorshead.

Scripture Passage.—Matt. xi:4, 5.

XV

THE BUILDER OF A NATION

Samuel Armstrong

(b. 1839, d. 1893.)

AIM.—To show how the finest and most vigorous manhood can find complete satisfaction in the love and service of man.

"MISSIONARY OR PIRATE!"

ON and on the great roller came, with its sweep of a thousand miles across the mighty Pacific, on towards the white shores of lovely Honolulu, and ever close behind its broken crest a string of dark heads bobbed in and out of the water. Higher and higher it reared its wall of green marble, hung for a moment in a threatening curve, then broke in booming thunder. For a second or two the heads were lost in the tumbling mass of churning water —then suddenly one after another they shot out, each one lying close to a surf plank, as the great wave raced up the beach in a rushing swirl of foam.

In shallow water the pace slackened, and plank under arm, the boys scrambled to their feet. Then it could be seen that among the dark heads was a fair one, and a body that despite its tan gleamed whitely amongst the brown skins of the South Sea Islanders.

A little naked savage he looked as he laughingly swept the salt-drenched hair from his eyes, and well

he might, for born and brought up in the South Seas, there was nothing the boys of the Islands could do which Sam Armstrong, the missionary's son, could not do as well—or better. Whether it were surf-riding or fish-spearing, peak-climbing or tracking through the mountain forests, swimming in the cool basin of some great waterfall or handling a sailing boat among the reefs and breakers of the island coast, Sam and his younger brother were the acknowledged leaders of their brown companions.

Sometimes the two boys would pay a visit to their brother Baxter's cattle ranch at Waimanalo, across the Island. That meant an early start on their ponies, barefooted, bareheaded, dressed only in home-made suits of coarse blue denim, whose bands of bright and faded blue showed where the tucks had been let out to serve the lengthening limbs. Away they went through the wonderful tropical foliage, climbing the side of a great volcanic mountain. Ere long they could hear the thunder of falling waters, and soon they reached the Kapena Falls. There the horses were tied up, and one after the other the boys jumped from the cliff of the Falls forty feet into the cool depths below. Then, after a swim, on and up, till in some shady spot they halted for lunch. The island lay at their feet gleaming in green and gold, while all around the deep blue sea rose to the level of their eyes, till it seemed like a great blue saucer. They would lie and laze, and then drop down to Waimanalo, where their brother's

ranch lay shut in between the mountains and the sea.

There, there was always plenty to do. Best of all they liked to help brand the young cattle. Armed with their lassos they would jump into the pen. With a deft throw one would lasso the horns of a young steer, and another his hind legs, while a third threw him over and branded him. Then with a touch the lassos were loosened, the steer scrambled bellowing to his feet, and there was a wild scamper to the fence to escape his fury.

The one day in the week that Sam Armstrong did not like was Sunday, for then feet had to be cramped in boots and clothes worn that must not be soiled, and there were so many classes and services to attend.

But in the service in the great church at Kawaiohao there was always something to interest him—the natives coming in with their pet dogs under their arms, the King and the nobility walking in in the squeakiest boots they could buy! There was even the possibility of a dog fight, when frantic church officials would poke about after the combatants with long sticks, while the Hawaiian congregation sat with the most solemn expression on their faces.

The sermons were long and often Sam's eyes would wander to the gleaming sunlight outside and he would think of to-morrow's picnic, but quite as often he would find himself admiring the way his father held the attention of that gathering of over two thousand brown islanders. For his merry-eyed, clever father was Sam's hero.

Then there was school, irksome at first to his outdoor-loving nature, but where he learnt not only to work with his head, but with his hands too. The school had been his father's idea for training the indolent Hawaiians to respect labour. Many a time did the boys weary of hoeing their melon patches, but there was no getting out of it while the light lasted. Not till their anxious eyes could count seven stars in the sky might they leave off.

It was a wonderful boyhood through which he grew up, until at twenty years old Sam Armstrong was a man who would always be a leader of his fellows. Standing above middle height, broad-shouldered, with a mass of light brown hair and a pair of piercing blue eyes, he gave the impression of "getting there every time." He could turn his hand to anything. Not only one of the best scholars in the college, he was a teacher also. He edited the local newspaper. He could build a house or make a boat. Suddenly at the end of it all there came a cloud. Just before he was to leave Honolulu to go to college in America his father was thrown from his horse and killed. Almost immediately afterwards Sam Armstrong sailed. "What are you going to be?" a friend asked him one day. Like a flash came the answer: "Missionary or pirate!"

THE COMRADESHIP OF PERIL

Hardly had Armstrong reached America when the great Civil War between the North and the South broke out, in which the Northern States tried to

compel the Southern to release their slaves and remain loyal to the Union of all the States.

Never having lived in America, Armstrong did not feel much interest in the war, and for two years kept out of it, but as soon as he had taken his degree he felt compelled to throw in his lot with those who were fighting on the side of the slaves. So he joined the Northern Army. "Not that I have learned to love the negroes," he said, "but I think they ought to be free."

For a year he was an officer of white troops; then in 1863 the Northern Government adopted the plan of arming the negroes. The idea at once appealed to Armstrong, and the fact that the Southern leaders had promised no quarter and no rights of war to the coloured troops and their officers, was only a further spur to his plans. After a very difficult test, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of a coloured regiment. "The African is before the world," he wrote to a friend, "all mankind watching whether he will show himself equal to his opportunity: that is, to be a *man*. They are too noble for slaves. I gladly lend myself to the experiment."

. . . . . .

It was a hot night in August, 1864. Colonel Armstrong sat at the door of his tent with his chin in his hands. The tent was on a little hillock, and before him in either direction there twinkled the lights of the Northern lines. He and his regiment were posted before Petersburg, which the Southerners were defending. About six hundred yards in front of his own lines Armstrong could see their

lights. But by a tacit mutual agreement there was no firing at night.

Laughter and merriment were coming from the Northern lines, and as he heard it Armstrong smiled. Suddenly a song broke out, and in a few moments it was taken up by hundreds of voices—

> Hark! Listen to the trumpeters,
> They call for volunteers:
> On Zion's bright and flowery mount,
> Behold the officers!

The quaint melody, the tuneful negro voices, the stillness of the warm night, the twinkling lines of lights telling of the hidden armies—it all stirred Armstrong to the heart. The old church hymn had become the negroes' battle song. Louder and louder swelled the chorus—

> They look like men, they look like men,
> They look like men of war;
> All armed and dressed in uniform,
> They look like men of war.

How he loved them, Armstrong thought. Once he had served them as a duty, now there was nothing in the world he would rather be than an officer of coloured troops. He had believed in them and they had justified his belief. In smartness, discipline, and courage, they had proved themselves the equal of any troops, and the Ninth—Armstrong's regiment—was the crack regiment of the coloured line.

Presently the singing ceased and the young officer turned into his tent. But he could not sleep. The next day there was to be a battle.

Morning broke to the sound of guns. The North-

ern troops were launching an attack on the Southern position. It was a hard one to assault, for there was little cover for the attackers, but in the face of a furious resistance the first line of rifle pits was taken. Immediately Armstrong's regiment was ordered to occupy them. Steadily, as if on parade, they advanced across the shell-swept ground—their course made more difficult by the timber which the Southerners had cut down to impede them—and at their head, heedless of danger, was the young Colonel.

The rifle pits were occupied, and immediately Armstrong's men were subjected to a furious counter-attack. Fiercely they held their ground, returning the rifle-fire vigorously, Armstrong running up and down, even jumping up on to the parapet to encourage his men. But the counter-attack was too strong, and soon they were outflanked and forced to retire. Men were falling rapidly now, but still the retreat never became a rout. Steadily, fighting all the way, the black troops retired to their old position.

Hardly had they got themselves together, when the order came through that they were to *retake* the rifle pits! It was madness! They were outnumbered by five to one, and ordered to retake by assault what their whole numbers had failed to hold. It was certain death! But Armstrong never hesitated. Leaping on to the parapet he called to his men to follow, and in a moment they were after him. Scarcely had they started, however, when an-

OLD SLAVE MARKET, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA. THIS OLD BUILDING, IN WHICH SLAVES WERE ONCE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, HAS BEEN KEPT AS A REMINDER OF A GREAT SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CHANGE, A REVOLUTION OF SOCIETY IN WHICH THE GOSPEL PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART.

other general rode up and ordered them to return to their positions. The regiment was saved!

After the battle a truce was declared to pick up the wounded, and Armstrong found himself discussing the war with three Southern commanders. "I cannot see," said one of them, "why you are fighting to force the Union on an unwilling people."

"The Union is nothing to me," Armstrong replied, "I see only four million slaves!"

THE VISION

Armstrong leaned on the ship's rail and looked out over the calm waters of the Mexican Gulf. He was tired of inactivity. It was 1865 and the Civil War was at an end, but his regiment had been sent on an uninteresting expedition to Mexico.

The sails of the troop-ship barely moved, and in the still evening air the plaintive singing of negro melodies came up clearly from the forecastle—

> They look like men, they look like men,
> They look like men of war.

The voices turned Armstrong's thoughts to the people he had learned to love. "Poor souls, what will become of them?" he asked himself.

Four million coloured people suddenly brought out of slavery into freedom, hardly any of them able to write or knowing a skilled trade, always accustomed to do only what they were told—and now thrown on their own resources! It was hard to know what would become of them. Many of them believed that the government that had set them free would find them all work and food.

And yet, Armstrong thought, they were so lovable and so ready to follow a good leader. Then another thought came to him. What was he going to do himself now that the war was over?

The sun was setting across the sea, flinging a path of gold to the ship. Sunset across the sea! It reminded him of his boyhood days in Honolulu. How far away they appeared! Those twenty years seemed nothing like so long as the last few years had been. His thoughts went off in dreams of those old days, the day when he and his brother had found a new waterfall and had scrambled round its basin till they got behind it, the day when his father had had to interrupt his sermon to stop a fight between them, the school-days at Oahu College, when he had learnt not only to study but to toil.

Suddenly a vision came to him born out of all his thoughts. The negroes, himself, his Hawaiian school!

He knew now what he wanted to do. *He would try to do for the negroes what his father had done for the South Sea Islanders in his school. He would teach them to be free men.*

The sun dipped and sank in a golden sea, and night fell with the suddenness of the tropics, blotting out the crimson splendours of the sky—but never again did that splendid vision fade from the heart of Samuel Armstrong.

THE BUILDER OF A NATION

The Director of the newly-formed Freedmen's Bureau took the card which his clerk handed to

him. "General Armstrong," he read. In another minute he had risen to shake hands with his visitor. He had heard of the ability of this absurdly young General, and as he looked at the square shoulders and keen eye and alert vigour of the man before him, he understood it.

"I want to do something for the negroes," Armstrong began. "Have you a job for me?"

The Director paused, then said: "There are ten thousand refugees at Hampton, and we cannot manage them. No one has had any success in keeping them straight. General Howard thinks you might try it."

It was settled at once, and in a short time Armstrong found himself superintending the relief of the bewildered and almost destitute negroes.

Then the chance of his life came. It was decided to open an industrial school for the negroes at Hampton, and he was asked to be the Principal. He accepted. "It is my life-work," he said.

Very quickly the Hampton Institute grew—new schools, new classes, more and more teachers, and yet always more scholars applying than could be taken in. And the life and soul of everything was Samuel Armstrong, working from morning till night amongst his pupils, or rushing from one end of America to another, to win help and enthusiasm for his college.

"I may not see the results," he wrote to a friend, "but the fun of life is in action, not in result. It's a man's work. I wonder so few strong men have taken it up."

But Armstrong was happiest of all when he sat by the fireside at Hampton surrounded by the students who loved and worshipped him.

"Whatever you can do," he said to them one evening, "do it as well as you can. Never despair. Once a woodchuck was chased by a fox, and it came to a tree. Now a woodchuck can't climb trees. But that woodchuck had to climb or die! So it climbed!" A smile ran round the fire-lit faces and the keen voice went on: "Do the best you can for the world. That is what Hampton stands to teach us: how to love, how to labour, how to teach others."

INTRODUCTION

Armstrong spent much of his energy in constantly touring America to raise funds for Hampton, taking parties of his students to form bands of Jubilee Singers. He had a paralytic stroke after a speech in 1891, and though he still kept on his work, he became a hopeless cripple and died, at the early age of fifty-four, in 1893. On his grave at Hampton were placed two great rocks, one a piece of granite from the Berkshire hills (Mass.) where he was at college, the other a piece of volcanic rock from Hawaii. They stand as symbols of his strength and fire.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What does Armstrong's answer to his friend's question as to his career, "missionary or pirate" show about his character? If he became a missionary, do you think he would be a better one for his alternative choice?
2. Do you believe that "the fun of life is in action, not in result"?
3. Do you think Armstrong found more "fun" in the "action" of the war or of his life at Hampton? What reason have you for your opinion?
4. What do you think of Armstrong's ideal of education for life—"How to love, how to labour, how to teach others"?

Book for Reference.—*Education for Life,* by F. G. Peabody. Doubleday. U.S.A. *S. C. Armstrong,* by E. Talbot (his daughter).

Scripture Passage.—Matt. xxv:34-45.

XVI

THE RAID THAT FAILED

Robert Stewart

(Date of Incident, 1895)

AIM.—To show that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

[CHRISTIANITY has expressed itself in sacrifice and martyrdom, as well as in philanthropy, for the evangelisation of China. Men and women have faced all obstacles with a faith and tenacity of purpose that have taken no account of impossibilities. They have not counted their lives dear unto them; and not a few have willingly suffered death. Such sacrifice has borne fruit.]

THE PLAN PROPOSED

IN a dirty room in one of the back streets of Ku-Cheng a man reclined on the brick *k'ang* one summer evening smoking his pipe. He lay dreamily watching the blue wreaths of curling smoke, till a knock at the door startled him. Before he could rise, a shaggy, unkempt-looking man pushed his head through the doorway.

"Peace to you, elder born," he said with a grin.

"There is little peace where you are, Ching-Yen. What brings you here?"

"A tender regard for your welfare, Ah-Sing."

"I very much doubt it, but come in and shut the door. Where have you left your abominable companions?"

"Cautiously, elder born, cautiously. You speak

of the honourable Vegetarians, the only true patriots in all our mighty empire."

"I dislike their deeds, and wish you were not one of them."

"Is it so? Then my errand here to-night is in vain, for I had come to ask you to join us. It is the chance of a life-time. Think of the loot, Ah-Sing. You will be a rich man ere you know it."

"What riches has it brought you?"

"Have patience, elder born. When the Vegetarians have overpowered the Government and driven the vile foreigners into the sea there will be wealth for all."

"I shall wait till then, Ching-Yen."

"But you miss much sport meanwhile. Only last week we burned the rice fields of some Christian dogs not far from here, and plundered the shop of another."

"I heard of it, and the men came to the foreigner Stewart, who got soldiers from the Mandarin."

"And we snapped our fingers in their faces and sent them back. What care we for the Mandarin? He is powerless, the Government is powerless, the foreigners are powerless: they are all powerless against us. Come, brother, join the honourable Vegetarians and I will tell you what really brings me to Ku-Cheng along those vile, dusty roads."

"So it was not my welfare. I thought as much, Ching-Yen. I will go further and tell you why you are in Ku-Cheng. You are here to plot and spy. It was ever your trade, but I am too old to be caught in your net, so try some easier prey."

The Chinaman started and scowled at the man on the *k'ang*.

"You are a poor patriot, Ah-Sing," he said gloomily.

"I am a peaceful citizen."

"Then help us to drive out the foreign devils and there will be peace."

"So it is the foreigners you have come to plot against?"

THE CHIEF VICTIM

"Who else but these vile Christians, and chiefly him they call Su-Senang." [1]

"Have a care, Ching-Yen. This foreigner is a brave man and fears nothing. There are two thousand of the Jesus religion in Ku-Cheng who would fight for him to the last."

"All the more reason that he should die. Are you, too, bewitched by his talk?"

"Not I, but I know how he helps the poor and is ever ready to make friends with all men, whether they be of his religion or not."

"Bah! Had it not been for him we would have burned out the whole lot that last time we came to attack the city."

"He was too clever for your honourable Vegetarians, Ching-Yen. While you were afraid to advance till the rain stopped, he brought all his people into the city over the wall by a ladder. All men thought much of Su-Senang for that deed."

"But he soon cleared out of the city again."

[1] The native name for Robert Stewart.

"You are wrong, Ching-Yen. He only went outside the walls to see the *kuniongs* (ladies) safe on their way to Foo-Chow and then came back. You can't frighten Su-Senang away."

"You will turn Christian next, Ah-Sing," said the Vegetarian, angrily.

"I might do a worse thing, for it seems there is much good in this Jesus religion and no harm."

"Bah!" said the man with a gesture of impatience. "I but waste time with you. You always had a hankering after these foreign devils. Go and tell them we will burn their houses and kill them all. Tell Su-Senang that, and say that I said it." The man drew his robe about him and walked out of the room cursing loudly. Into the street he passed, and gave himself up to his blind passion of hate. For a few hours he slept at an inn outside the city and then journeyed on till he reached the headquarters of the Vegetarian rebels.

THE PLOTTERS CONFER

"Well, Ching-Yen," said the leader as he greeted him, "will it be an easy matter to kill the foreigners in Ku-Cheng?"

"No, honourable chief, it is impossible."

"A plague on you," answered the leader impatiently. "We waste time sending you to Ku-Cheng."

"Not so. I got news ere I left the city."

"Out with it, then."

"A few days hence Su-Senang and his friends will leave the city for Hwa-Sang. He will teach in the neighbouring villages in the daytime, but at night

he will sleep at his house up the mountain. Then he will have no protection save a few miserable villagers who are too frightened of us to help him. We can attack his house at dawn and it will be all over before his friends in Ku-Cheng know of our presence."

"Well said, Ching-Yen. There is something in your old head after all. We can think over the plan."

. . . . . .

It was the last day of July, 1895, and in the cool of the evening Robert Stewart sat by his house at Hwa-Sang. Within he heard the voice of his wife and the laughter of his children, and as he looked down the mountain slope and far across the plain, he saw lights beginning to twinkle in the valley. His brain was busy with plans for extending the work in the villages to the north, where as yet the name of Jesus was unknown. Rumours of impending danger had reached him from time to time, but these could not keep him from his purpose. He was Christ's ambassador and must go on, fearing nothing. For a long time he sat deep in thought. At length he rose, walked round the buildings, and then went inside. Darkness fell and the stars flashed out above the quiet village. The night wind played among the branches and the water splashed among the rocks. Hwa-Sang seemed a mountain paradise. Slowly the hours of the darkness passed on, and as the day grew near a band of armed Vegetarians stole softly up the heights.

"You are sure you know the houses where the

Christians sleep?" whispered one hoarsely to his neighbour.

"Without doubt, comrade. Follow me, I shall make no mistake."

THE RAID THAT FAILED

Quietly they crept forward in the early morning and surrounded the houses of the missionaries. At a given signal the men made the attack and battered in the doors. They rushed from room to room and proceeded to search the bedrooms. Robert Stewart met them calmly and unflinchingly. A murderous light was in their eyes and as their spears struck him down he fell with a prayer on his lips. His devoted wife fell at his side.

In their fury neither woman nor child was spared. Mad with hate, they set the building ablaze and then disappeared down the mountain.

"The Dragon will conquer the foreigner's God" was painted on the banner they carried as they went down the hillside that summer morn.

It was an empty boast. Men may die, but their work lives on. The death of their leader only strengthened the faith of the Chinese Christians, and to-day, when the flag of the Vegetarians is low in the dust and forgotten, the memory of Robert Stewart cheers on the servants of God who bear the banner of the Cross forward through the hills of Ku-Cheng.

INTRODUCTION

Anti-foreign riots have from the first been characteristic incidents of missionary work in China. It is not strange that the deep suspicion and hatred for the foreigner should have occasion-

ally taken a violent form. The political situation in 1895 was serious. In 1894 China went to war with Japan, and the huge giant was defeated with terrible loss by her little rival. The ignorant people laid all the blame upon the Manchu rulers. If the Government had been firm and kept foreigners out, they said, this defeat would not have happened. The foreigners must be cleared out of China. Of several anti-foreign and rebellious movements about this time, the most serious was a great secret society known as the "Vegetarians." These men banded themselves together to banish foreigners, destroy Christianity, and overthrow the Government.

Ku-Cheng is a great walled city of some 60,000 inhabitants, one hundred miles from Foochow.

Hwa-Sang is a tiny mountain village twelve miles from Ku-Cheng, where the C.M.S. and the C.E.Z.M.S. had each a small bungalow to which the missionaries could retire in the hot season.

Robert W. Stewart went with his wife to China in 1876, just after their marriage, as missionaries of the Church Missionary Society. They worked in Fukien province until they were murdered on August 1, 1895. At the time of the massacre they had with them five of their children. Three older boys were in England at the time. Seven lady missionaries were also at Hwa-Sang.

That August morning raid completely failed in its object: the foreigners were not swept away; the dragon did not conquer the Christian God. The news of the massacre so stirred Christians at home, that a great deal of prayer was offered for the province of Fukien, and the next year saw a greater number of Chinese inquiring about Christ in the Ku-Cheng district than ever before. As a direct result, within ten years the number of missionaries in the province trebled. All five of Robert Stewart's children became missionaries to the people for whom their father and mother gave their lives. The number of baptised Christians has increased from 6500 to 15,500.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What have been the effects of the attack on Robert Stewart and his family?
2. What effects would you expect?
3. What is a martyr?

Books for Reference.—Accounts of the massacre are found in *The Sister Martyrs of Ku-Cheng, Behind the Great Wall,* and the C. M. S. *Gleaner,* November 1895.

Scripture Passage.—John xii:24.

XVII

THE OUTLAWS' FRIEND

Theodore Leighton Pennell

(b. 1867, d. 1912.)

AIM.—To show how absolute trust can break down the bitterest human prejudice of race and religion.

STORMING THE ENEMY'S STRONGHOLD

THE hot August sun beat mercilessly down on the two travellers. It was noon, and since dawn they had been climbing through a picturesque valley, whose rough sides were clothed with the sombre green of the olive, relieved here and there by a splash of emerald where the millet was springing in some tiny clearing. All the morning they had had in their ears the music of a mountain stream, but now they had reached a bare, boulder-strewn plateau, whose stones flung back blindingly the fierce midday glare.

The place was no less wild and dangerous than it looked. Right on the northwest borders of British India, it was frequently the scene of acts of murder and violence. The military posts were few and far between, and there was always plenty of time for the offenders to get across the Afghan border into safety. Indeed, that very day soldiers were scouring the countryside in a vain endeavour to catch two

assassins who had committed murder the night before in a village raid. But the travellers rode with no seeming sense of danger, and they rode unarmed. Both of them were in Afghan dress—white turban and tunic and full trousers.

For some time they rode in silence, the horses picking their way along the stony track, till suddenly the taller of the two pointed ahead with his finger: "Karbogha," he exclaimed. Across the plain four slender minarets could be seen rising from a hollow, and soon a little village came in sight, in the middle of which a beautiful mosque gleamed whitely against the dark hill beyond. A strange, unexpected sight it was in this wild and lonely spot and a tribute to the fame of the great Mullah,[1] whose followers had built it.

Soon the horsemen entered the village and approached the courtyard of the mosque, where beside a tank of clear water some sheikhs[2] were seated. They looked up as the strangers approached. Mohammedan pilgrims no doubt, they thought, come to worship at the famous mosque or to seek the advice of the great Mullah of Karbogha.

"Allah be with you," one of them said.

"And with thee," the taller stranger replied. "We would see the Mullah."

At the sound of his voice the hitherto indifferent little group started. Could it be possible? Surely not! But yes, there was no doubt. It was indeed the Doctor Sahib from Bannu! Most of them knew him, for he was a familiar figure in the frontier

[1] A Mohammedan teacher. [2] Mohammedan chiefs.

villages. It was fourteen years since Theodore Pennell had come to India, to love and serve with his medical skill in the service of his Master, and all those years he had gone up and down among the villages of the Bannu provinces and the frontier, wearing Afghan dress and sharing, as no other *Feringi*[1] did, their hospitality and simple fare, and ministering to their sick.

But how, thought the astounded Afghan chiefs, had he ventured into this most famous of Mohammedan strongholds? He could not have heard that the great Mullah Karbogha, whose displeasure even the most powerful chiefs feared, had threatened hostilities against him.

Amazement and curiosity struggled on their faces with religious fanaticism and anger. But the object of their emotion waited calmly for an answer to his request. They were wrong. He *had* heard of the Mullah's threat, and with his usual directness had determined to go and seek his friendship. That this would mean putting himself within reach of the bitterest fanatical hatred had never troubled him, and so with his hospital assistant he had started on his visit.

At last one of the Afghans spoke. "The Mullah is not here," he said, "but thou mayest see his sons."

As he spoke two dark-bearded men approached and, having greeted the strangers distantly, said that their father had gone to a neighbouring village to settle a dispute, and enquired as to the Feringi's errand.

[1] The Afghans' name for a European.

"The fame of the great Mullah Karbogha has come to Bannu," Pennell replied, "and I have long desired to meet him. As my journey took me near Karbogha, I have turned aside to visit him."

There was a moment's uncertain pause, and then, with true Afghan hospitality, the eldest son asked if he might bring the strangers refreshments. Pennell accepted, and their horses were led away, and soon they were all partaking of biscuits and tea, sweetened and spiced in Afghan fashion. The first difficulty was over: they had broken the great Mullah's bread and, by the laws of hospitality, that alone would protect them for the time from the fanaticism of his followers.

Late in the afternoon the Mullah himself returned, and hearing what had happened came with his sons to see the visitors, who had been left alone for the afternoon siesta. Soon his hostility was broken down by Pennell's frank friendliness, and ere long he was insisting that they should accept his hospitality for the night.

The day was won, and before nightfall the Mullah's fanatical followers, who at a word from him would readily have slain the infidel Feringi, were taking him round their houses to minister to their sick.

When next day with many protestations of friendly hospitality and gratitude the guests departed, the news spread like wildfire through the countryside that their "Daktar Sahib" was even the guest and friend of the great Mullah Karbogha.

THE OUTLAWS' FRIEND

It was a few days later and Pennell had finished his tour and was returning to Bannu through the territory of the lawless Waziri. It was a short cut through Waziristan, thirty-four miles instead of a hundred and more by road and rail, but it lay through a land where a man carries his life in his hands, and where murder and violence are not easily brought to justice.

But the Bannu Daktar Sahib was not afraid. All the years that he had lived among the Afghan frontiersmen he had gone about armed only with his medicine chest, and he always welcomed an excuse for getting across the frontier.

Ere long he and his guide reached a little village, nestling in a hollow of the hills among sheltering plane and walnut trees. At first the villagers eyed the strangers with hostile suspicion, but suddenly one of them exclaimed: "It is the Daktar Sahib!" and instantly Pennell was surrounded by a clamouring throng seeking his medical skill. To and fro he went among them, examining eyes, binding up wounds, dressing sores, giving medicine, or telling some sufferer to come into hospital at Bannu.

When he had finished, his guide pointed at one of the villagers saying: "I must return, Sahib, but Said Khan here will guide thee to the next village."

A look of alarm crossed the man's face. "Nay, Sahib," he said, "I would guide thee willingly enough, but we have a blood feud with the men of that place, and we dare not go on that road."

YOUNG WARRIORS OF THE BORDER TRIBES, THE MEN AMONG WHOM DR. PENNELL LIVED AND WORKED ALONG THE AFGAN FRONTIER.

"It matters not," Pennell replied. "Show me the road and I will go alone."

So alone he passed from foe to foe, he who was friend to all. As he entered the next village he saw amongst the crowd who had watched his approach a man with a wooden leg. "Ah, Muhammad Jan," he exclaimed, "so thou canst walk once more."

The man addressed started suddenly. "Why, 'tis the Bannu Sahib," he cried. "Ah, Sahib, I little thought when I was brought to the hospital a year ago that I should ever walk again." And once more Pennell was surrounded by an eager crowd, all anxious to get their share of the skill which had given Muhammad Jan a new leg.

It was midday before all their wants had been attended to, and Pennell was resting in the village *chauk*.[1] Suddenly there was a shout and a band of young, wild-looking Waziris entered the village. They were young warriors who had been out on a raid when Pennell had arrived, and the dirty red sashes round their dark tunics were bristling with daggers and pistols. They burst noisily into the *chauk*, and it was plain that they were excited with bloodshed and violence. "Ha, the Daktar Sahib," one of them exclaimed. "What is he doing here?"

There was an oath and then one of the ringleaders stepped up to Pennell, and, thrusting the muzzle of his pistol against his chest, shouted: "Now we are going to shoot you."

But his blustering eye was met by a look of utter fearlessness. "You will be very great fools if you

[1] Courtyard—the public meeting place.

do," the doctor replied, "for I am of more use to you than I am to myself. Besides, you would soon poison yourselves with my drugs if I were not here to tell you how to use them."

The young bully seemed taken aback that his fierce threat had only produced a look of amusement on his victim's face, but before he could reply, one of the other men had pushed him aside. "Heed them not, Sahib," he said apologetically. "They are young and excited, they mean it not. We will see that no harm comes to you."

"Nay, friend," said Pennell with a smile. "I knew it was but a joke. Am not I your guest?"

Ere long the Doctor's horse was saddled again and, this time accompanied by a guide, he started off once more for the next village. His way lay over rough country, now through little valleys, now climbing rocky hills, while again and again the Kurram River had to be forded as it wound in and out on its way through the hills to the plain and the mighty Indus.

Two or three villages were passed, at each of which guides were exchanged, and night was closing in as they approached a lonely walled village set high in the hills. It was an uninviting spot in the darkness, more especially as Pennell had heard at the last village that there were numerous outlaws there. But it was without any feeling of fear that he passed down the village street, and entering the *chauk* asked the chief for hospitality for the night. This was immediately granted in the Afghan fashion, and soon the guest was seated at a hospitable feast of roast mutton and savoury chicken.

But in the ring of wild faces in the firelight there were not a few scowls and muttered curses at the Feringi, and when he retired for the night the chief placed six armed men as a guard round his bed. Pennell was weary with his long day's ride and soon was sound asleep.

Meanwhile, round the dying embers in the *chauk* the mutterings grew louder.

At last a bolder spirit spoke: "Let us kill him. Is he not an infidel, nay more, a teacher of the accursed faith? Surely to kill him would be to make sure of Paradise."

"Nay," replied an old man, "we cannot kill him, for he trusts our hospitality. See how he sleeps—peacefully as a child."

"If he *be* a Feringi," said another, "he loves our people. What has he shown to us but kindness all these years?"

There was a moment's pause, then a younger man spoke.

"Whatever he is, he is a brave man! I would not dare to sleep in his place. They tell me that not long since he slept by the open roadside when all knew that raiders were abroad."

"He is an infidel," grumbled the first speaker, "and death is his portion."

"Nay," said the old man, ignoring the grumbler and turning to the man who had spoken of the doctor's courage, "nay, it is not courage alone. I mind me, years ago, that he slept thus by the roadside when Rangin threatened to hold him to ransom, and he did it to show he was not afraid. But to-day it

is more than courage; it is love. He knows we are his friends and he trusts us. How then could we kill him?"

The old man's counsel prevailed, and Pennell slept peacefully on. Nor was it till the morrow, just as he was starting away for Bannu, that he learnt how his years of loving friendship had that night saved his life.

"HE THAT LIVES BY THE LIFE CANNOT DIE"

It was five years later, the spring of 1912. Like a flash a rumour had spread through the villages of the frontier, a rumour that rapidly grew into a certainty, "The Bannu Daktar Sahib is dead!"

Every village in the countryside was plunged in grief, the villages of the great Salt Range, the tree-embowered rich villages of the fertile Bannu plain, the walled villages of the wild Waziri foothills, the villages nestling in the folds of the mighty Kurram range. In all of them was the doctor loved—and mourned.

First had come the rumour that he was desperately ill, struck down by blood-poisoning taken in trying to save his fellow-doctor's life. Immediately had begun a procession to Bannu—all who could go, young and old, even the sick and infirm, all with the desire to see their Daktar Sahib again.

And now they had come back to tell the village folk how they had seen him, how one by one they had filed slowly past the bed on which he lay so still, how they had looked upon those lips and hands

that would never again minister to their healing and cheer.

"Our Daktar Sahib is dead," they would say, "never again shall there be one like him." And then slowly an older voice would reply, "Our Sahib is not dead—in our hearts he lives. For he loved us and was our friend. While we live, our Daktar Sahib cannot die."

INTRODUCTION

Theodore Leighton Pennell was the only son of a doctor, who died when Pennell was nine years old. His mother, a woman of great energy and personality, devoted her life to him and brought him up with the avowed intention that he should be a missionary. During his school days at Eastbourne College he was delicate and took little part in school games, but he became a great walker and a keen collector. At University College, London, he took a brilliant medical degree, and won most of the prizes of his year. Whilst at college he started a boys' club, taking the boys every year to the Norfolk Broads. In 1892 he went out under the Church Missionary Society to the North-West Frontier, and from 1894 till his death in 1912 he worked at Bannu. He had only one furlough—in 1908—on his return from which he married Miss Sorabji, an Indian lady. He died in 1912 from blood-poisoning incurred while operating on his colleague, Dr. Barnett. His influence on and beyond the frontier was unique. A British officer once said of him that he was "worth a couple of regiments to the British on that frontier any day."

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. There was considerable personal risk in Pennell's visit to Karbogha. Was there any other way of winning the Mullah? If not, was he reasonable to take the risk?

2. "It is more than courage; it is love." What light does this throw on the true quality of trust?

3. At Pennell's death-bed men of life-long blood feuds stood side by side. Do you think his trust taught the Afghans anything about their attitude to each other?

Books for Reference.—*Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier,* by Dr. Pennell. *Pennell of the Afghan Frontier,* by A. M. Pennell. *A Hero of the Afghan Frontier,* by A. M. Pennell.

Scripture Passage.—Mark x:42-5.

XVIII

THE PLAGUE DOCTOR

Arthur Jackson

(Date of Incidents, 1900 and 1911)

Aim.—To lead the boys to acclaim the missionary as a real hero, by presenting an athlete who turned his back on fame and gave his life for others.

[In this Tale we see the missionary in the making—a strong, healthy schoolboy with the choice of a career before him. The great choice is taken, and he goes to Manchuria. Ten busy weeks of devoted service and then his heroic death at the post of danger compel the Viceroy and many others to recognise the value of Christian character and self-sacrifice. We began our studies with China fast closed against the Gospel. We have seen her doors slowly opening, as she saw something of Christianity in the lives of its advocates, and the remarkable speech of the Viceroy of Manchuria is a fitting climax.]

WINNING THE GAME

The first half of the final for the Rugby Challenge Shield was over and the boys of the Crosby School XV gathered round the lemons towards the centre of the field.

"Our usual rotten luck!" groaned one of the forwards as he stretched himself full-length on the ground. "We've been in the final half a dozen times and always knock under to these Liverpool men."

"Oh, dry up, Dakin, you old croaker," said a big, broad-shouldered boy in a tone of authority. "Who says we've knocked under to the Liverpool boys?

Not yet, by a long chalk. We *can* win and we've *got* to win."

Arthur Jackson had always found his pack loyal to the core, but to-day, with the odds against them, they seemed to respond less willingly to his call. The strain of the first half had told on them, and he felt that he must inspire them with fresh courage.

"Come on, chaps," said he, in the cheeriest of tones and with any amount of confidence. "Buck up, and let us play for all we are worth; that Shield has got to hang in the old School to-night."

In a few seconds they had lined up. The whistle blew and the ball was set in motion. With a strong forward rush the Liverpool men bore down on it. One snatched the ball and was off, but in the twinkling of an eye Jackson had brought him down with a daring tackle.

A great shout acclaimed the deed, and a thrill of joy ran through the Crosbeians. There was fight in them still. Again and again the Liverpool boys were checked and for twenty minutes a grim struggle went on in mid-field. Then came a tough scrum. Arthur Jackson put down his head and pushed his big shoulders into the thick of it, while the backs stood expectant by.

"Get it out, men, get it out!" came the cry.

Jackson heard the call and needed no second bidding. The next instant he had kicked the ball to one of his men. He picked it up quickly and was off like the wind. He dodged one man, tricked another, and then dashed forward. Nothing could stop him. The

crowd shouted themselves hoarse as he flung himself across the line and touched down.

"Good old Crosby!" rang the cry above the cheering, and Arthur Jackson stood smiling at the change of fortune. On went the game and further triumphs fell to the Crosbeians.

"Who's the big forward?" asked an old gentleman among the spectators.

"Arthur Jackson," answered half a dozen young voices.

"Well, he's the best man on the field. Just look at him now," continued the old gentleman, "he's working like a horse and plays a jolly unselfish game too. Great! Fine pass! A rattling good man. He knows how to handle his pack."

"Jackson's usual game, sir," ventured one of the admiring boy spectators in reply.

"He's a downright plucky player," rejoined the old gentleman, "you ought to be proud of him."

"We are, sir," retorted the delighted boys.

"Oh, well played, *School,*" rang out in excited shouts.

And so throughout the closing stages of the game Arthur Jackson led his men and doggedly played his part till at last the opposition was worn down. Again and yet again the Crosbeians scored. Seeming defeat became certain victory. Cheer after cheer rang out upon the air. At last the fight ended. The Shield would adorn the walls of Crosby School!

The crowd surged over the field. A score of hands patted Jackson's shoulders.

"Played, old man," said one boy, his face flushed with excitement.

"Well played, Jackson," shouted another. "You've pulled it off."

"It's a clear team win," replied Jackson modestly, and then, as he turned to the perspiring players, he added, "Jolly well fought, you chaps. You're bricks, every one of you."

. . . . . .

FIGHTING THE PLAGUE

One January day, eleven years later, Arthur Jackson stood in the railway wagon outside the Chinese Imperial Railway Station at Moukden. On roughly-made shelves stood rows of medicine-bottles, and as he arranged them one by one he glanced round this strange dispensary. Outside, snow lay deep on the ground, and the thermometer stood thirty degrees below zero.

"Dr. Jackson there?" some one called.

"Yes, I'm here," he answered quickly, as he threw open the sliding door.

"The train is signalled."

"All right, Coppin. I'll be ready in a moment."

Jackson wrapped his furs more closely round him and pulled on a pair of strong oilskin boots. He slipped into a white linen coat and covered his head and face with a big mask, well soaked in strong disinfectant.

"Now for it," he said grimly, as he jumped down from the wagon and strode off towards the station. The sternest battle that Arthur Jackson had ever

been called to wage was at hand. Since his arrival two months before, plague had been ravishing the northern districts of Manchuria. As the coolies hurried panic-stricken to the south, the dread disease had followed them all down the great railroad, and now it was in Moukden itself.

The railway officials had stopped further traffic from the north, but the last train for Peking with five hundred passengers on board had been held up at the Chinese frontier. Plague had broken out, and two men lay dead in one of the carriages, while others were in the grip of the fatal disease. The scared officials immediately ordered the return of the train to Moukden, and as the dread news flashed across the wires men turned pale and wondered what was to be done. Some one was needed to save Moukden from the peril that threatened it. These five hundred men must be examined and kept from mingling with the citizens. But who was to do it? To come near an infected patient was to risk one's life, for once the plague laid its hand on a person his doom was sealed. No one had ever been known to recover. The situation was desperate and men looked grave as they discussed it with bated breath.

"We cannot order anyone to stand between us and death," they had said. "Someone must volunteer."

Arthur Jackson heard the words. His heart beat faster; the blood thrilled in his veins. He had left all to serve his Master in this far-off land and here was his chance.

"I will do it," he said simply as he stood up and faced his anxious friends.

"You know the risk, Jackson?"said an old doctor.

"Perfectly, but I am willing to take it."

So Arthur Jackson went to his dangerous post, and now as he strode through the snow to the station he felt that the supreme hour had come. As he stepped on to the platform the lights of the approaching train gleamed through the darkness. There came a short sharp whistle, the grinding of brakes and the throbbing of the engine as it came to a standstill.

"Now, keep well back, you fellows," shouted Jackson to his assistants. "There's no use all of us running risks."

The carriage doors were unlocked one by one, and the terrified coolies trooped out.

Quickly they were lined up and Jackson made a hurried examination. Those who appeared free from disease were at once marched off to the inns made ready to receive them. And then came the task of dealing with those whom the plague had already seized. Some were now drawing near the gates of death, others lay in an agony of fear. Jackson bent over them, raised them gently, and they were borne away to the hospital. For himself he seemed to care nothing if only others might be helped.

All night long the work went on and next day he buckled to his task with renewed vigour. His giant strength stood him in good stead and enabled him to accomplish what few men could have done. His friends advised him to take things more easily, but

Arthur Jackson was fighting the battle of his life. A week passed and the worst seemed over. Seventy men had died, but over two hundred had been sent to their homes safe from infection. Still Jackson fought on till the morning of the tenth day came. He had passed a restless night and felt far from well. His companions were alarmed, but he only laughed at their fears. Sorely against his will he remained in bed and the day wore on. During the afternoon he realised that the plague had seized him. His temperature continued to rise and the fever increased. About seven in the evening his friend Dr. Young called to see him. As he entered the room Jackson turned to him with anxious eyes.

"Look out, Young," he called, still thinking of others more than himself, "look out, the spit has come," and there upon his lips was the fatal froth of blood.

Quickly the news spread that the hero of Moukden lay stricken with the disease he had so gallantly fought. Doctors hurried to lavish all their skill upon him, the Viceroy sent messengers to and fro, and men stood silently by waiting the issue.

Another day dawned, and still Arthur Jackson battled for life. For those who tended him with loving care he had words of thanks and concern for their safety. And then, as the hours passed and night came on, he closed his eyes with a smile. The last long fight on earth was ended, and Arthur Jackson had passed to higher service in the land beyond the tomb.

THE VICEROY'S TRIBUTE

It was a few days later, and the Union Jack drooped at half-mast over the British Consulate at Moukden. A curious crowd had gathered round the gateway, for never before had so many notable men passed within it. Well-known merchants alighted from their carriages; important Chinese officials mounted the steps with stately dignity; soldiers in glittering uniforms marched proudly past; and then all at once the crowd fell back and bowed low. The Viceroy was coming! A host of attendants hurried forward as the great Hsi Liang stepped down from his carriage and slowly entered the Consulate. Once more the crowd closed in and waited expectantly. Presently there came a glorious burst of melody and the triumphant notes of the hymn, "For all the saints who from their labours rest," sounded from within the building. The Memorial Service for Arthur Jackson had begun. Silently they waited outside thinking of the dead hero, while within, the voice of the Viceroy fell upon the ears of the assembled worshippers.

The great man began reverently.

"Dr. Jackson, moved by . . . sympathy, and with the heart of the Saviour who gave his life to deliver the world, responded nobly when we asked him to help our country in its need. He went forth to help us in our fight daily, where the pest lay thickest. Worn by his efforts, the pestilence seized upon him, and took him from us long ere his time. Our sorrow is beyond all measure; our grief too deep for words.

"Oh, Dr. Jackson, in life you were brave, now you are an exalted Spirit. Noble Spirit, who sacrificed your life for us, help us still and look down in kindness upon us all."

Men listened in silent wonder. These were strange words that fell from the lips of this official representative of the Empire—a Chinese Viceroy of the old school. The door of the Viceroy's heart was opened by the hand of Arthur Jackson, the disciple of Christ. The story has been the same throughout. The door, closed against Morrison, opened by the loving heroism of Christ's faithful servants—Hill and Chang, Stewart and Han-Yu-Lan—men who went forth in the spirit and name of Him who said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

> And all through life I see a cross,
> Where Sons of God yield up their breath;
> There is no gain except by loss,
> There is no life except by death,
> There is no vision save by faith,
> No glory but by bearing shame,
> No justice but by taking blame;
> And that Eternal Passion saith,
> Be emptied of glory and right and name.

INTRODUCTION

Arthur Frame Jackson was born in Cheshire in 1884. His parents were Scotch, and he himself was always a thorough Scot. At the age of thirteen he went to the Merchant Taylors' School at Crosby, near Liverpool, and by 1900 had won his way to the top of the school; a year later he won a scholarship to Cambridge. At the age of sixteen he had heard the call of God to be a missionary, and from that time he knew his vocation. In 1910 Jackson heard the needs of Manchuria from Dr. Christie of Moukden, then home on furlough; he offered himself to the Foreign Missionary Committee of the United Free Church of Scotland, was accepted, and reached Moukden in November of the same year, as assistant to Dr. Christie. On January 14, 1911, he took up the dangerous task of examining and treating plague-stricken coolies at Moukden railway station, and ten days later (January 25) he laid down his life. The Memorial Service at the

British Consulate was arranged jointly by H.E. the Viceroy and the Consul-General. All leading Chinese officials were present. Arthur Jackson was twenty-six years of age. He had been in Moukden ten weeks.

The plague that visited Manchuria in 1910-11 was an unusually terrible form of the disease. It was extremely infectious—the breath was sufficient to convey it. "In every known case death has resulted," and it was as fatal to Europeans as to Chinese. The London *Times* of March 23, 1911, recorded that "In the central plague hospital at Harbin 1600 plague patients were admitted; 1600 died." No adjective is needed to intensify the significance of this simple statement.

First and foremost, Jackson was a Christian. He could laugh and joke and sing songs with the liveliest of his companions. "He laughed because he could not help laughing. . . . But when the talk turned on matters more serious, on duty, and courage, and trust in the great Hero-Saviour, he was still the same—transparently honest. No one could fail to see that his religion was the central fact of his life." Fellow-students said, "There must be something in religion when a man like Jackson is so unmistakably religious."

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What was it in Jackson that impressed the Viceroy and his officials?
2. What made Jackson take the risks that he did?
3. What other men can you recall who undertook work which they knew might cost them their lives?

Book for Reference.—*Arthur Jackson of Manchuria,* by Costain.

Scripture Passage.—John xv:12, 13.

XIX

THE SLAVE'S REVENGE

Booker Washington

(b. 1858, d. 1915.)

AIM.—To show that race prejudice is a petty thing, and that greatness is a question of character, not colour. To win admiration for the strength of character that could teach his own despised race self-respect and an appreciation of their enemies' good points, rather than revenge.

THE SLAVE

The old horse plodded steadily along, seemingly heedless of the little black figure that straddled across its back just in front of a big sack of corn, heedless even of the fact that the small rider had become convulsed with sudden anxiety and was clutching wildly with one hand at the sack behind him.

But it was a useless struggle. The sack was too heavy—every jolt of the rough road shifted the corn still further, and at last it slid off the horse's back, bringing with it the still frantically clutching figure. The horse stopped when the sack fell, and, after looking round for a moment, began contentedly to crop the grass by the roadside.

In a moment the little negro was on his feet, ruefully surveying the heavy sack and the tall horse. It was the same thing nearly every week, when he

took the corn from the estate to be ground, and now he would have to wait, probably for hours, for someone to come along strong enough to lift the sack.

He felt very miserable. He was only six years old, and he was two miles from home and the woods that lined the road looked dark and terrible! Probably it would be quite dark before he got the corn to the mill and ground, and then he would have to come back those three long miles. He threw himself down on the sack and burst into tears.

Suddenly his loud sobs stopped and he looked anxiously round him. He had heard his mother and the other slaves on the estate say that the woods were full of soldiers who had deserted from the army, and that the first thing a deserter would do, if he found a little nigger boy, would be to cut off his ears! He shivered and huddled down behind his sack, crying quietly to himself.

He lay so long and so still that he nearly fell asleep. Suddenly he heard footsteps. Would it be a white soldier? No, it was one of his own people, a fellow-slave. He jumped up from the grass, and in a few minutes found himself once more on the horse, the sack this time securely fastened behind him. But it was late when he reached the mill, and quite dark when he went through the wood again on the way home, and every bush and tree seemed to conceal a deserter. His heart thumped terribly and he clung to the old horse's neck, wishing that it would go a little bit faster than its never-changing walk.

At last he saw the cabin lights on the estate, and

in another minute the horse had stopped at the office. The overseer grumbled and swore at the "lazy little devil" who had kept him waiting for the flour, and gave him a couple of cuts with his cane to teach him not to waste time again. Tears sprang to the little chap's eyes, but he ran off much relieved. Often, when the overseer was in a worse temper, it had meant a flogging.

He soon reached the tumble-down cabin that was his home, and pushed open the crazy door that creaked on its broken hinges. He was met by the glare of an open fire, at which his mother was cooking something in a huge pot. She was cook for the whole estate. "You'm late, pickaninny," she said, "but don't cry. Yo' shall have a sweet potato and a lil' lick o' molasses on yo' bread." Warmed and comforted, the little chap was soon fast asleep on the bundle of filthy rags in the corner of the earthen floor, where his brother and sister were already sleeping.

It was some hours before his mother's work was done, but at last the fire burnt low, and she crossed the room and knelt beside her sleeping children. She lifted her hands and prayed with the passion of her race: "O Lawd, bless Mars' Lincoln, and gib him de vict'ry, dat one day my children and me shall be free!"

A BID FOR LIFE

It was the fall of '72, and seven years since the prayer of the slave woman had been answered. The old stage coach lumbered up the road that wound

steeply through the mountains of Virginia, the passengers chatting together and snuggling more warmly into their wraps to escape the chill autumn winds. One passenger, however, sat apart from the others and seemingly unnoticed in his corner. He was the only coloured person on the coach, a lanky boy of fourteen dressed in ill-fitting, shabby clothes, and carrying all his luggage in a little satchel. No one would have recognized in him the chubby little slave boy who had rolled off the horse with his sack of corn eight years before.

Very quietly he sat in his corner, apparently oblivious of the disregard of his fellow-passengers, sometimes listening to scraps of conversation that told him something of the great world into which he was venturing, sometimes lost in dreams which lit his eyes with a strange excitement. Nothing mattered now, he thought, except that at last he had really started on the great adventure, for which he had hoped and dreamed for years.

Much had happened since those far-off baby days. In the first place he had got a name! To the one name, which, like other slaves, was all he possessed, he had himself added an imposing surname—a tremendous addition to his self-respect—and now he was known as Booker Washington.

Like most other ex-slaves, too, he had been fired with a passion for learning. But what in most of them had been only a longing, was in him a determination. In the little salt-mining town of Malden in West Virginia, to which the family had moved when they were set free, he had worked for twelve

hours a day in the salt furnaces with his brother and step-father. Night after night, when he had come home to the one-roomed, tumble-down cabin, no whit better than the home of their slave days, he had sat up, long after the rest of the family were fast asleep, poring over a reading book, by the glimmer of a little rush light, stumbling through the alphabet, painfully spelling out tiny words, never giving up hope!

For a very little time his father had allowed him to go to school, but practically all his learning had been done at night. Sometimes he had got help, but mostly he had had to rely on his own perseverance and the encouragement of his mother, who had always stood by him in his ambition.

Then one day, working in a coal mine, he had heard some men talking of a school that had been started in Hampton, five hundred miles away, a school for negroes, where even the poorest might get an education. Trembling with excitement where he crouched in a dark corner behind the men, he made up his mind that by hook or by crook he would get to Hampton Institute. Two more years had passed, and now he was actually on his way, all his possessions in the satchel on his back.

Three weeks later, ragged, tired, and dirty, Booker Washington knocked at the door of Hampton Institute. Walking, begging a ride, half-starved, sleeping for days under the boarding of a raised sidewalk, working on the quay of a riverside town in order to earn enough money to go on, he had at

last arrived. That plain, three-story, brick building was to him a discovered El Dorado!

Soon he found himself with a number of others of his own race standing before a lady who, he heard, was the head teacher, and who was interviewing them in turn. Presently she spoke to Washington.

"Can you pay anything towards your education?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "but I am willing to do anything to earn money for it."

The teacher looked at him keenly. She had kind eyes, but they seemed so penetrating. The boy hung his head. He knew that he must look a ne'er-do-well, dirty and unkempt, but if only he could have a chance! He looked up again. Whether it was the look in his eyes, or whatever it was, the teacher did not refuse him, but told him to wait.

It seemed to him that he waited hours. He saw many admitted and his heart sank with disappointment, others were turned away, and then he was thankful that he still had a chance left.

Presently the teacher spoke to him. "That recitation room there needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it."

The boy picked up the broom eagerly and went to his task. This was his chance, he felt sure. How thankful he was that for more than a year he had been houseboy with the strictest and most thorough mistress in Malden. He knew how the work had to be done. Three times he swept the room out, then four times he dusted it, walls, benches, tables,

desks, every corner, every place where there could possibly be any dust. Then he reported himself to the teacher. Immediately she got up to inspect his work. She felt the rungs of the chairs, and the tops of the pictures, she ran her finger along the wainscot. Yes, he thought, she must be a lady from the North like his old mistress, she knew where to look for the dirt. But he had made sure that there was no dirt to be found.

At last the teacher turned to him and said quietly, "I guess you will do to enter this institution." Tears stood in the boy's eyes and he trembled with excitement. "You shall have the post of porter," she said, "and that will help you to pay part of your board and tuition. It will be hard work, though. You will have to get up very early, and you won't have as much time for study as some of the others."

But to Washington these were trifles. The only thing that mattered was that he had been admitted to Hampton Institute.

The next morning, with the other new students, he went to see the Principal. He had heard of General Armstrong who had fought in the war against the South, and who was now helping the negroes to become educated, and he was rather nervous at the thought of meeting him. But when his turn came, he found himself in the presence of a big, broad-shouldered man, with fair hair, keen blue eyes, and a kindly smile, who took him by the hand and spoke encouragingly to him. If ever the

negro boy had felt any bitterness against the white race it melted before those smiling eyes.

THE WAY OF ACHIEVEMENT

It was seven years since Booker Washington had passed the "sweeping examination" for entrance to Hampton, and four years since he had graduated, when Armstrong asked him to become housemaster to the first seventy Red Indian students admitted to Hampton. It was a difficult proposition. The Indians looked down on the whites, and they looked down all the more on the negroes, for no Indian would ever be a slave!

A strange, wild lot they looked when they arrived, clad in blankets, leggings, and moccasins, and with long, tangled locks hanging down their shoulders, and it was Booker Washington's duty to see that their long hair was cut, their blankets discarded for the school uniform, and their everlasting pipes given up altogether. At first they regarded him with suspicion, but soon the suspicion died. They found him a man who dealt with them without any consciousness of race, always ready to help or advise them in any way. Even when the white people treated him with contempt, while they were treated with respect, he had neither jealousy towards them nor bitterness towards the whites. His colour was nothing; they all loved him.

. . . . . .

One day in the early summer of 1881, General Armstrong sent for Booker Washington to come to his office. As they sat facing each other, the

older man's face was alight with pride and affection. This was his most trusted student, the justification of all that he had tried to do, a man who always believed in him and whom he could always trust to see things, as he did, from the highest point of view.

"Well, Washington," he said, "you remember that I told you all last Sunday that some gentlemen have written to me to recommend someone to take charge of a normal school for coloured folk that they are starting in Alabama?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think you could do it?"

A dull flush mounted to Washington's forehead. "I could try, sir," he said.

"Very well, I shall send them your name. I have no doubt that you can do it."

The next Sunday after chapel the General spoke to the students. "You remember about the school in Alabama. I wrote to suggest a principal. I have just received their reply." He unfolded a telegraph form and read: "Booker T. Washington will suit us. Send him at once."

Instantly there was a clamour of applause and congratulation round Washington. For a moment his heart stood still for joy, then beat again with the intensity of a great purpose. Once more he was embarked upon a high adventure. Nine years before he had started on the adventure of education for himself; now he was going to found a new Hampton in the very heart of his people.

There was a world of difference between the tall,

broad-shouldered man of twenty-three, clean and well-kempt, with self-reliant face and a steady outlook on life, and the diffident, ragged boy who had knocked at the door of Hampton that autumn morning. Yet in one great thing the boy was still there: in the eager expectation of life that looked out from his deep-set eyes.

LAYING FOUNDATIONS

The afternoon sunlight made the old plantation look more desolate than ever. For years it had lain deserted—weeds ran riot everywhere, and woodland and undergrowth spread over what had once been cotton fields. The "big house" of the old slave-owning days had long ago been burnt to the ground, and the only buildings that could be seen were some old stables and a dilapidated hen-house. Anyone would have passed the place as deserted, and even if they had gone close enough to hear the subdued murmur of voices that came from the tumble-down buildings, they would never have guessed that this was the Tuskegee Normal School!

When he had arrived, three months before (June, 1881), expecting to find a school waiting for him, Booker Washington had found nothing: no buildings, and no money to build them with! But he was not easily daunted. He had had to make his way in the teeth of difficulties ever since he had been a little boy. He had made up his mind that the Tuskegee Normal School should succeed. Beginning with an empty chapel and a leaky shed, he had borrowed enough money to buy the aban-

doned plantation, with its hundred acres of overgrown land and its ruined shanties.

Presently the murmur of voices grew to a hubbub, and through the open doors streamed out the pupils. There were about fifty of them, more men than women and most of them young. They were a motley crowd, a few better dressed, but most of them seemingly poor. There seemed to be some subject of unusual interest in the air, for the men were collected in a knot and talking together eagerly. "Did you hear de boss is gwine to make us cut de trees?" asked one.

"I'se not gwine to cut trees," exclaimed another. "Dat ain't no eddication."

"I'se been teaching in school," said a third, "I sh'uh baint gwine to work wid my hands."

As they spoke Booker Washington came out through the door, carrying a bundle of new axes. His coat was off and his sleeves rolled up and the sunlight played on the muscles of his arms. He smiled at the perturbed looks of the scholars. "Come along," he said, handing them each an axe, "we shall have a lot to do before we get the ground clear."

They took the axes sheepishly and followed him to the woods. Soon could be heard the sharp ring of steel on wood, and, one after another, the scholars followed their teacher's example till all were at work.

Washington smiled grimly at their discomfiture, but he knew the battle was only just beginning. The conviction of the negroes that the purpose of education was that they might be saved the possibility of ever having to work with their hands would die

hard, but he was determined to kill it! Day after day they worked together, till at last twenty acres had been cleared and planted.

Meanwhile the school was growing rapidly in numbers and the shanties had become totally inadequate for housing the students. Booker Washington decided that a new building should be erected, and that the students should build it! The news was received with amazement and consternation. The students protested. They had not come to school to learn to build houses. Their parents wrote to the same effect. But the young Principal was adamant. Everyone who came to the school had to do his share of the work. So axes were laid aside for pick and shovel, and soon the foundations were dug.

Then a new surprise was launched. Bricks were needed. The students should make them. It had been hard enough work clearing woodland, but making bricks was still worse, and there was nearly open rebellion. But still Washington had his way. A suitable claypit was found, and turns were taken in standing knee-deep in the sticky mud till some twenty-five thousand bricks had been moulded. Then they were built into a kiln and the kiln fired. For a week the kiln burned, and then the bricks were examined. They were useless! The kiln had not been properly built. The whole thing was a failure!

A new lot of bricks were moulded and another kiln built. Again it was a failure. A third attempt was made, and this time the past mistakes were guarded against. The kiln was made and lit and for nearly

a week burned splendidly. All the students were excited. In a day or two they would have several thousand bricks with which to start their new building. The next morning the kiln was a ruined heap. It had collapsed in the night!

The students were in despair, and even the teachers advised abandoning the idea of making bricks. For the moment Washington's enthusiasm was nonplussed. He had spent all the money he had collected, and even his own purse was empty. He had no money with which to try again. But to try again he was determined, and to succeed. Not only was it important for his building, but it was vitally important for the true education of his fellow-countrymen. Suddenly he knew what he would do. That very day he went into a neighbouring town and pawned his watch for fifteen dollars. Then he came back and started again. This time all went well and the bricks were properly made.

The time limit on the watch had expired, and the watch was gone! But the first building of the Tuskegee Normal Institute was well on its way to completion, and Washington had taught his students a lesson in character and true education that they never forgot.

THE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

It was a warm spring night, twelve years later. The shadows were dark under the long avenue of trees that led to the main entrance of the school at Tuskegee, but in the darkness could be heard the murmur of many voices. Suddenly along the road

came the sound of wheels. There was a word of command and instantly a flicker of light ran down the avenue, and in a moment a thousand pine-knot torches were being held aloft into the night.

An open carriage wheeled into the gates and the flickering yellow light flashed on the faces of the two men seated in it. One was Booker Washington, the other a shrunken figure with a pale face. But still from beneath beetling brows the eyes looked out with a fierce intensity.

In a moment the air was alive with cheers and waving torches. "General Armstrong!" was the cry. The pale face flushed with pleasure at the ringing welcome, as the carriage swept through the two lines of lighted wood knots. Arrived at the door, strong hands gently lifted the helpless figure down and wheeled him in in his chair.

Two years before General Armstrong had been struck down with paralysis. Now he was very near his end, but he had come to see, for the last time before he died, the school that was the image of his own beloved Hampton—the very thing he had dreamed of for the people he loved.

Soon the last bell had sounded, pupils and students had gone to rest and the quiet of the still night reigned in the building. But in the soft lamplight of the Principal's study the two men talked far into the night. There were many memories between them of a hard-won past, and the deep-set eyes shone with a fatherly love as Armstrong looked at the alert face before him.

He thought of the unwashed little tramp who,

twenty years before, had passed the "sweeping" entrance examination for Hampton; he could see those eager eyes fixed, half frightened, half expectant, upon him. He remembered the first beginning of the hostel for the Red Indians. But chiefly he thought of the beginnings of Tuskegee, the broken-down shanties on a deserted plantation and a handful of students—and Tuskegee now, hundreds of acres of its own land under cultivation, its many fine buildings, its thousand students and staff of teachers. And all this the work of the keen-faced man before him, the ex-slave whom he had taught really to "live," and whom, now that he himself was going, he could leave behind to carry on the work he had begun, to teach his fellow-men "how to love, how to labour, how to teach others."

AN APPEAL FOR LOVE

The great hall was packed with people to its utmost limit. It was the opening day of the great Cotton States Exhibition at Atlanta,[1] and an event of unusual importance was to take place. For the first time in the history of the Southern States a negro had been asked to speak from the same platform as white men and women at a public national gathering. The speaker was to be Booker Washington, the most brilliant graduate of Hampton Institute, and for fourteen years the Principal of the Tuskegee Normal Institute in Alabama, a man who thirty years before had been a slave.

Feeling ran high. While there were some white

[1] September 18, 1895.

people who were glad, and many who had come out of curiosity to hear how this "nigger" would get on, there were many there with anger in their hearts and bitter resentment against the coloured speaker. Many negroes were there too, proud of the distinction that had been bestowed on a man of their own race, and anxiously waiting to hear him champion the recognition of their rights before the white people. The air was tense with excitement. Anything might happen.

One or two speeches were delivered, and then the chairman called on "Professor Booker T. Washington." A tall, bronze-coloured negro rose and walked to the edge of the platform. There was a roar of applause from the coloured people and faint cheers from the whites. Straight and sinewy he stood, high forehead, piercing eyes, and strong mouth, the justification of his oppressed race, the slave who had made good! What would he have to say? In a hush of absolute silence he began to speak.

He had spoken for only a few minutes when a tremor of excitement ran through the audience. This was no counsel of despair or hatred or revenge that he was giving them, no clamour for his people's rights, no denunciation of their wrongs. It was an appeal for friendship and love. "To my own people I say, make friends in every manly way with the people of all races by whom we are surrounded. The negro is given a man's chance in the commercial world. To the people of the white race I say, too, extend the hand of friendship to the eight millions of negroes whose habits you know. As we have

proved our loyalty to you in the past, in nursing your children, watching by the sick-beds of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future we will stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach."

The audience leapt to its feet in a wild burst of applause, white men and women of the South cheering as loudly as any of the coloured people. Tears ran down the faces of many of the older people, as their thoughts were carried back beyond the years of racial strife to the memory of some loved master or mistress or some devoted slave. The westering sun blazed in Washington's face till his eyes glowed as those of a prophet. He brought his words to an end. "Blot out enmities and suspicions of race," he cried. "This will bring into our beloved South a new heaven and a new earth."

He stopped, and the roar of applause surged to the roof. The chairman, who was the Governor of the state, leapt to his feet, and crossing the platform seized Washington's hands. So they stood before them all, the leaders of their races, with hands clasped.

The slave had had his revenge!

INTRODUCTION

To do justice to the relation between black and white at the time of this Tale, it must be remembered that the position had been very much strained by the fact of civil war and the comparatively recent relationship of master and slave. There was much to excite hostility in the attitude of many ex-slaves. These facts only throw into greater prominence the character and ideals of Booker Washington. Though working primarily for the uplift of his own race, he always attacked racial animosity and taught his people to despise slights in superficial things, and to make

good in things which mattered, and so to force the whites to respect and recognize them. He always felt that slights offered to his race harmed the white race infinitely more than they could harm the negro.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What do you think of the "sweeping examination" as an entrance test?
2. How does Booker Washington's experience with the Indian students at Hampton prove his method of dealing with race prejudice to be right?
3. Do you think Washington was right in insisting on manual work? Give reasons for your aswer.
4. On what did Washington have his revenge? Persons or prejudices? Would his advice help to solve any of our race problems to-day?

Book for Reference.—*Up from Slavery,* by Booker T. Washington.

Scripture Passage.—Rom. xii:17-21.

XX

THE WAR CHIEFS OF LOINIO [1]

Iavis and Lomai

Date of Incidents, 1898-1902)

AIM.—To win admiration for men who dared to face the loneliness of unpopularity, in order that they might bring their people to know Christ.

[This story will show the boys how heroism can be achieved in their own lives *now*. It will be a great thing if we can make them feel that the service of Christ in their own homes needs heroes, and that half-hearted Christians are no good. The story of men of another race—so short a while ago heathen—heroically fighting a lonely battle for Christ, should make the boys want to help those lonely heroes of to-day and feel the call of heroic service themselves.]

WAR OR PEACE?

THE Loinio tribe was in a ferment. Once more their enemies from the east of the island of Tanna had broken the treaty and made an unprovoked attack upon them. Some of them had crept up to one of the villages and, finding no men about, had shot two little girls who were swinging on the branch of a tree eating fruit. According to Tanna custom, the Loinio chief would declare war and lead a band of warriors to waylay and murder someone at a village of the enemy.

Two years ago that would have been instantly

[1] *Pronunciation.* Every syllable is to have its full value and every vowel pronounced with the continental pronunciation. Thus: Loinio=Lo-ee-nee-o, Iavis=Ee-ah-vis, Lomai=Lo-ma-ee.

done, for the Loinio possessed a magnificent war chief, the great Iavis, a huge bearded warrior over six feet in height. But things were different now. Two years ago the missionary had come bringing "the Worship," and Iavis, the great war chief, had joined the Worship, and wore clothes like the white men instead of his war-paint.

Three times their enemies had attacked them, and each time the war chief had refused to make war. "The Loinio are no longer warriors in Tanna," said the tribesmen, "but old women." But they determined that this time there should be war, and, if necessary, they would choose another war chief.

But whom could they choose? The only other possible leader was Lomai, the next warrior to Iavis, a man not so tall as Iavis, but of immense strength and great wisdom. There was none other in the tribe who could compare with them. But Lomai, too, had joined the Worship. The two war chiefs of Loinio were the two leaders of the Worship in Tanna.

And what of the chiefs themselves? Their hearts were heavy for their people, and especially for the father of the murdered girls, but they were determined that, if they could stop it, there should be no war in Loinio. But something must be done.

They talked it over together and then went to the mission-house and bought some Christmas cards. Sending these as a token of peace to their enemies, they invited them to a peace conference on a mountain [1] in the heart of Tanna. A strange message

[1] See map of Tanna.

from the war chiefs of an injured tribe! But their enemies agreed, and fixed a day for the conference.

When the day arrived a large band of Loinio Christians set out for the mountain, and amongst them the great war chiefs, Iavis and Lomai, and the missionary. Their way led through most varied and beautiful country, sometimes up the dry bed of a creek whose banks were a mass of ferns and where the dense overhanging foliage almost shut out the sun, sometimes up the almost perpendicular sides of a gully where there was no road and they had to haul themselves up by the roots of the trees. When they reached the crest, they looked out over waving palm trees, and the thick foliage of great banyan trees, with here and there a glimpse of a fern-carpeted glade, and so on to the deep blue of the lagoon and the distant white line, where the breakers of the Pacific roared on the reef. Suddenly there was a cry, and every eye was turned towards a banyan tree beside the track. High in its branches could be seen an armed warrior; he was a spy put out by the enemy to protect them against treachery. Apparently he was satisfied, for he swung himself down from the tree and led the Loinio to the village square on the top of the mountain.

THE PEACEMAKERS

It was a strange meeting. On one side a company of Christians clothed and unarmed, and they the offended party; on the other, three hundred naked savages, armed and in full war-paint. Soon the conference began and the grievances on both sides

THE ISLE OF TANNA

were stated. First the heathen war chiefs spoke, hurling insults and threats at their enemies and brandishing their guns. Then Iavis rose—not to threaten war, but to plead for the establishment of peace. After him Lomai spoke. He was a striking figure. Not so tall as Iavis, he was even broader and magnificently proportioned, and he moved with the ease and grace of all South Sea Islanders. With words such as these he pleaded with them:

"We come to you without weapons of war! Though you have attacked us and slain the children of our people, we come only to tell you about Jesus. We believe that Jehovah God will protect us this day, for it is He who has made our hearts different. As heathen, we quarrelled and killed and ate each

other. We had no peace and no joy in heart or house, in villages or in lands; but we now live as brethren and have happiness in all these things. To-day we have come to ask you to join the Worship, too, that you may be even as we are."

For two days the conference continued, but at last the arguments of peace prevailed, and a generation of war was at an end!

Although the mission had been in the island only for two years, the New Year of 1898 had opened with a great victory for the Worship in West Tanna, and the victory had been won by the Christian war chiefs of Loinio.

A PERILOUS RESCUE

Four years had passed, and it was the New Year once more. One morning at dawn two women staggered into the misson station at Lenakel. They seemed to have been travelling all night, for they were broken down with exhaustion. They came with a tale of terrible war in the south of Tanna. One of them was the wife of the great fighting chief Kaukare. A day or two before he was returning in high spirits from a successful expedition, when suddenly he came face to face with his mortal enemy. He had no time to fire, but received the other's bullet with a laugh.

After his death disaster had fallen on his tribe, and they had fled to the bush and were now starving. The two women had slipped through the enemy's country to beg the Worshippers to go and bring the whole tribe over to Lenakel for safety.

The war chiefs of Loinio were now the two elders amongst the Worshippers, and the women were brought to them. Instantly Lomai called for volunteers and soon a large band of Worshippers had started southwards. As they passed through the Loinio country, the heathen of their tribe thronged round them. When they learned what was being done, they besought their chiefs not to venture on so dangerous an expedition, or at any rate to wait until they could gather a large force of armed men.

Iavis rose to reply, but Lomai put up his hand. "This is no time for talking," he said. "This is a day for action in God's name. Let us who trust God go alone." The Worshippers, led by their chiefs, then pushed on towards the enemy's country. Suddenly another band of Worshippers joined them, carrying their guns.

"Put away those guns," said Lomai.

"We are afraid to go without them," was the reply.

"Then go back home," said Lomai, "for we go in God's name, and not a Worshipper shall take his gun this day." Shamefacedly the men turned back. At length the Worshippers reached the gullies that were the boundary of the enemy's country and immediately they pushed across them.

"Stop," called out Lomai, "I see trembling among you. Let us worship God and He will take away all our fears and lift up our hearts."

Their path lay through thick bush, from any part of which the enemy might greet them with a sudden

hail of bullets. It was the Tannese method of warfare. Yet there in the heart of the bush that little band sang a hymn, and Iavis the great war chief prayed, and immediately all their fears vanished.

At length in a small clearing in the forest they found the first of the three allied tribes. They were sick with despair and terror, but Lomai urged them to action. "We have come in God's name to save you," he said. "Come with us at once."

Leaving a party to help them get ready, he and Iavis pushed on to the second tribe. There they found the same terror, and some even counselled that they should not move for a day or two. But Lomai rebuked them: "This is your last chance. God has sent you deliverance this day. Come now, and you live; stay, and you die."

The third tribe were even more difficult to move, but at last Lomai persuaded them. "To-morrow the roads will be watched," he said, "wait one night and escape will be impossible."

But the most difficult part of their task still lay before them—the homeward march. They had to travel several miles through the enemy's country, and their way lay along forest paths, over mountainous country, with many a steep gully and rushing stream to be crossed. It was a hard journey for strong men, but when the sick and old and weak had to be taken too the task was infinitely greater.

But the Worshippers did not hesitate. They shared the burdens and helped and encouraged the terror-stricken heathen to push on. Iavis's strength was taxed with helping now this one, now that, while

Lomai carried a baby on one arm and with the other assisted an old woman bent double with age. Slowly and fearfully the tribes people pushed along, looking this way and that for any lurking enemy.

Suddenly the banging of guns was heard in front of them. Instantly there was a halt, and many turned to fly. The enemy had cut them off. In another moment the stronger ones would have plunged into the bush, and left the sick and weak and their rescuers to the mercy of their foes, but Lomai stopped them.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "God has sent us to you to-day and we are all safe in His keeping."

His firmness and courage stopped their panic, while scouts were sent ahead to see what was happening. Presently they returned to say the road was safe, and the refugees started again. It had been a band of the enemy whose guns they had heard, but God had protected them, as Lomai had said, and the warriors had turned back just before they reached the point where the fleeing people would have crossed their track and betrayed themselves. With thankfulness in their hearts, Iavis and Lomai hastened them on, until at last the enemy's frontier was crossed and all danger was over.

THE WAR CHIEF'S VICTORY

When they reached Lapuna, the capital of the Loinio country, the heathen crowded round their war chiefs in amazement. They had hardly expected to see them alive again. Could it be possible that they had actually succeeded in getting the

vanquished tribes safely away? Suddenly they broke into a shout.

"Our word is finished. We have no other chiefs now but you two. The Worship has done what we with our guns were weak to do. Your word is true and there is no strength in us."

The hearts of the two chiefs rejoiced as they looked at their people and then at each other. They had always been the closest friends, leading their tribe of old in counsel and standing side by side in the heat of battle. Together they had led in taking the Worship, and together they had borne the suspicion and discontent of many of their people. It had been a lonely trail. Now at last together they had won their tribe for the Worship.

. . . . . .

FACING A LONE TRAIL

One night a few months later three men sat motionless in a boat lying off Lenakel. It was a calm night, but the ceaseless swell of the great Pacific lifted the boat and broke with a sullen boom on the reef. The men rested on their oars, gazing intently at the outline of a ship that was fast disappearing into the darkness. Suddenly a hail came across the water, and immediately it was answered from the boat. "Imam, Misi Paton! Imam, Misis Paton!"[1]

It was Lomai's voice and as he spoke his great shoulders shook with a sob.

[1] "Good-bye, Mr. Paton! Good-bye, Mrs. Paton!"

Behind Lomai was the tall form of Iavis. Their hearts were nearly breaking that night, for the missionary and his wife who for six years had been amongst them, and who had brought the light of the knowledge of Jesus Christ into their lives and the lives of many of their people, were leaving Tanna, shattered in health, perhaps never to return.

All around them was darkness; behind them rose the dark hills of the island, before them swept the dark waters of the Pacific. Only two lights broke that darkness, one from the fast receding ship, one at Lenakel at the foot of the hills. It was a symbol. The light that had kindled that light on Tanna was now being fast borne away. They were the links between those lights, they, the war chiefs of Loinio. They had felt lonely among their people in days gone by, but never so lonely as now. They watched till the seaward light was out of sight, then they bent to their oars and the boat leapt forward towards the passage through the reef and the light on the shore. The God who had been with them in days gone by would be with them still, and by His help the war chiefs of Loinio, true heroes of the lone trail, would keep the light burning at Lenakel.

INTRODUCTION

The story of Tanna is a story of heroism. For years John Paton laboured there alone, with little or no visible results. His life was in danger every hour, but he fearlessly faced the bitterest opposition. Later, other missionaries visited Tanna, and the present Tale is connected with the mission of Frank Paton. John Paton's son, at Lenakel on the west coast of Tanna. From 1895 to 1902 Mr. Paton and his wife worked there, until at last ill health forced them to leave the island. In those six years wonderful work was done, but their departure left a heavy burden on Iavis and Lomai, the leaders of the Christian Church.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What other results beside avoiding war had Iavis and Lomai secured?
2. What opinion would the enemy tribe have of the Worship and the Worshippers from (a) the conference itself, and (b) the results of the conference?
3. Would the Loinio still feel that their chiefs were afraid?

Book for Reference.—*Lomai of Lenakel; A Hero of the New Hebrides,* by Frank Paton.

Scripture Passage.—Matt.v: 9.

XXI

THE SILENCE OF HAN-YU-LAN

Han-Yu-Lan

(Date of Incident, 1900)

AIM.—To emphasise the fact that Christian heroism is not confined to the Anglo-Saxon race.

[OUR survey of the century of work in China has now brought us to 1900—the year of the Boxer Rising, when over two hundred missionaries were murdered. Those terrible summer months showed that the Chinese Christians were as ready to sacrifice their lives as the missionaries themselves.]

HIDING IN THE FIELD

HAN-YU-LAN crouched low among the tall stalks of waving *kao-liang* that grew outside the city of Yen-Shan. He was a Christian boy, and the dreaded Boxers were on his track. For days he had lain hidden there and listened to the excited shouts of the infuriated mob as they tore down every house that sheltered a Christian, and uprooted every shrub and plant that grew in their gardens. Wild cries of anguish burst upon his ears, and he shuddered as he thought of his fellow-Christians being tortured and brutally done to death in the city beyond.

Though he had run away and hidden himself like many others, he was not afraid of death. He was quite sure of that, but Han-Yu-Lan was young, and life was very sweet to him. Worn out with fatigue and hunger, he crept to the edge of the field

and peered anxiously down the road. In an instant he drew back, for a band of the crimson-clad Boxers were drawing near.

"In amongst the *kao-liang,* comrades," shouted their leader. "That's where the devils are hiding. Chase them out and we shall see rare sport."

The men needed no second bidding, and the next instant they were sweeping through the field, their long sharp swords gleaming in the sunshine.

IN A BUDDHIST TEMPLE

Han-Yu-Lan looked wildly about him. He was in a desperate plight; escape seemed impossible. Just then he caught sight of the gleaming white walls of a Buddhist temple close at hand. He rose quickly and bounded across the road. In a few seconds he was safe within the temple gates. A priest, in grey robe, before the shrine, turned round and stared stupidly at the hurried entrance of the boy.

"Venerable sir," said Han-Yu-Lan bowing low, "I am a poor Christian boy fleeing for my life from the swords of the Boxer soldiers."

The old man started back in horror.

"A Christian, say you!" he exclaimed. "And thou seekest this holy place?"

"Even so, O venerable one," answered Yu-Lan.

A sudden rush of pity filled the heart of the priest as he looked into the boy's eager face.

"It is hard that thou should'st die, my son, even though the Jesus sect have bewitched thee. Hide

in yonder dim recess till I go and learn whether or not thine enemies are gone."

The priest hobbled off to the door and looked around. The Boxers had left the field and were hurrying away in an opposite direction from the temple. He came back presently and called softly to the boy.

"They that seek thy life are gone," he said kindly, "and as yet thy hiding place is unknown. For the sake of thy youth and thy comely face I would befriend thee, but the danger to us both is great. On one condition only can'st thou remain. I will shave thy head and thou must don the robes of a priest."

Han-Yu-Lan drew himself up proudly.

"Venerable sir," he said, "that cannot be. I may not serve the Buddha, for I follow the Christ."

"Thou art over-hasty, my son. I do not ask thee to serve the Enlightened One. It is only for thy safety and mine I would do this."

The boy stood silent in thought. After all the shaven head and grey robe did not make him a priest. In whatever dress, he might still be true to his Master. At last he spoke.

"It shall be as you wish. I would not willingly bring harm upon you."

DISCOVERED BY HIS ENEMIES

The next day Han-Yu-Lan appeared in his priestly garb. From a sheltered part of the temple he watched the worshippers come and go, but no one seemed aware of his presence. At intervals the

kind old priest brought him food and chatted with him quietly, and so the days sped on till nearly a month had elapsed. The boy was beginning to think all danger past and he moved much more freely about the building. At length one morning there appeared amongst the worshippers an evil-looking Chinaman. He seemed most devout as he prostrated himself before the shrine, but Han-Yu-Lan could see the wicked gleam in his eyes as every now and again he glanced in his direction. As he rose to his feet he walked slowly towards the boy and, pausing before him, peered into his face.

"So you are here!" he sneered, and with a look of contempt, continued his walk with downcast eyes. A chill fear fell upon Han-Yu-Lan. What if this were one of the many Boxer spies? Quietly he slipped away to a corner and knelt down to pray, while the man with the evil face passed through the temple gates and hurried towards the city. Without pause he made his way to the headquarters of the Boxer guard. He knocked at the door and, giving the password, was at once conducted to the presence of the leaders. An officer rose to greet him.

"What news to-day, Sing-Fo? Have you got on the track of any more of these devils?"

"Truly, master, I have. The boy Han-Yu-Lan, who is a well-known member of the Jesus sect, is hidden in the temple outside the city, disguised as a priest."

"In the Buddhist temple, Sing-Fo! And knows the priest of this?"

"He does. Daily have I watched them for more

than a week, and at nightfall have I crept near his chamber to listen. At first I doubted if it were possible, but there is no longer any doubt, as to-day I looked into the boy's face, and of a surety it is Han-Yu-Lan."

"You hear the words of Sing-Fo, my brothers," said the officer turning to his comrades. "What is to be done?"

"Death to both," was the instant response.

"And without delay," added the leader, rising. "Let us at once to the temple. Sing-Fo, you shall have your reward when we return."

THE BOXERS' ATTACK

In a few minutes a band of soldiers had been collected and were marching towards the temple. Han-Yu-Lan heard their shouts as they rushed through the gates with drawn swords, and stood, waiting their coming, near the temple door.

"Ha!" they shouted savagely, "there he is!"

"You are Han-Yu-Lan and a Christian," said the leader.

"I am," replied the boy bravely.

In a moment several men rushed upon him and bound him hand and foot. The old priest, hearing the turmoil, hurried forward.

"What important affair brings you, honourable sirs, to my humble abode?" he asked. "This poor boy is but a child, he has surely done no harm?"

"You defend and protect him, do you?" they exclaimed—"a boy who is well-known in the district as a member of the hated Jesus sect! Then

you shall suffer with him. You—a priest of Buddha—just as if you were one of the secondary devils!"

A dozen swords flashed, and the old priest fell lifeless on the very threshold of his shrine.

"And now for Han-Yu-Lan," cried the Boxers.

THE PRICE OF LIFE

"Patience, comrades," cried the officer with a wave of his hand. "See, his face is white with fear. He may tell us much that we want to know. Listen, Han-Yu-Lan," he continued, turning to the boy who stood gazing sadly at the body of his protector, "tell us the names of those who were wont to worship this Jesus with you, and your life shall be spared."

Han-Yu-Lan raised his eyes and looked steadily in the faces of his enemies.

"*Never!*" he answered firmly.

A howl of rage burst from the men standing round.

"And so you defy us?" demanded the soldier. "Once more—tell us their names and whither have they fled?"

"I have answered you—I will never betray my friends."

"Carry him off to the city," ordered the officer. "He shall speak before the breath leaves his cursed body."

Along the road they bore him, followed by a gaping throng, and then into the city. The rough soldiers beat him with long bamboo rods till the

blood came, and still Han-Yu-Lan would not speak.

Again the commander ordered him to be tortured —how, we do not know; perhaps by stretching him on the ground and sprinkling hot incense on his body, perhaps some other awful way.

With fiendish glee the men obeyed. For two long, weary days they tortured Han-Yu-Lan, but not one word could they wring from his lips concerning his friends. In the midst of his agony he prayed that he might be faithful to the end. Strong, hardened Boxers watched and then turned away, wondering whence came the courage of these Christians. On the third day, finding themselves still baffled, they brought him forth into the sunshine. His body was bruised and broken, his face twisted with pain, but there was a brave light in his eyes as he tried to stand erect before his persecutors.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

"Han-Yu-Lan," said the leader, "there is yet time to recant. Will you renounce this Jesus and His hateful religion?"

"I cannot," answered the boy in feeble tones.

"And you still refuse to tell us the names of your friends and whither they have fled?"

The crowd stood expectantly by. Truly these Christians were bewitched.

"I will not tell," was the simple reply.

Han-Yu-Lan raised his eyes to the clear blue sky overhead, and a smile spread over his face. There came the sharp swish and flash of circling steel. A

stifled cry burst from the crowd, and Han-Yu-Lan gained the martyr's crown.

. . . . . .

It is all over now, and the Boxers no longer hunt the Christians in the streets and in the fields around Yen-Shan. In a shaded courtyard a Chinese teacher sits with a number of boys round him and repeats the story of Han-Yu-Lan. As he finishes a silence falls on the band till one little fellow speaks:

"When I grow big I want to be the bravest boy in Yen-Shan, and so I will be a Jesus-boy like Han-Yu-Lan."

INTRODUCTION

Several causes contributed to the Boxer Rising of 1900. Hatred of the foreigner was the chief. For some years it had been dying down, but recent events fanned it to a flame. Japan had seized Formosa; Russia had got possession of Port Arthur and 800 square miles of adjacent territory; Germany had taken Kiao-Chow; England had compelled China to give her Wei-hai-wei, and France had obtained Kuang-Chow-Wan. The European nations seemed inclined to divide China into "spheres of influence" in the way they had done in Africa. This "land-grabbing" aroused the indignation of the Chinese. They were convinced that the "foreign devils" intended to steal their country from them, and the Empress-Dowager issued an edict, saying: "The various Powers cast upon us looks of tiger-like ferocity, hustling each other in their endeavours to be first to seize upon our innermost territories. . . . Never should the word 'peace' fall from the mouths of our high officials, nor should they even allow it for a moment to rest in their breasts. . . . Let each strive to preserve . . . his ancestral home . . . from the ruthless hands of the invaders."

The Boxers were a lawless body of desperate men who, with misguided patriotism, banded themselves together to banish foreigners from China by one mighty effort. Yu Hsien, the Governor of Shantung, supported them in his province, and on the last day of 1899 the first martyr of the Boxer Rising was slain (Mr. Brooks, of the S.P.G.). Yu Hsien was removed from his post for having encouraged the Boxers; but he was soon promoted to the rank of Governor-General of Shansi, and his Boxers followed him to that unhappy province. The Boxers diligently circulated anti-foreign literature, and posted placards to incite the people. The feeling against foreigners spread like

wildfire; the most absurd rumours were believed, and the Boxers were supposed to be bullet-proof. By the end of May the crisis came, and matters grew more serious every day. In June, the Chancellor of the Japanese Legation and the German Ambassador were murdered in the streets of Peking, and the foreign residents fled to the Legations, where they were besieged by the Boxers, who were intent on their death. Orders were sent to all the Chinese and Manchu officials in the provinces that all foreigners were to be killed. Many mission stations were attacked and burned, but happily several of the Viceroys and Governors were enlightened men, and they set themselves to resist the Boxers and protect foreigners, thus saving hundreds of lives. In many cases also the people helped the foreigners to escape. The great Powers landed forces and marched on Peking, and on August 20th the Legations were relieved. The Boxer Movement was soon completely overthrown, and the Powers compelled the Empress-Dowager to execute the ringleaders. But the Missionary Societies refused all compensation offered them by the Chinese Government for loss of lives and property. It was one last and strenuous attempt to expel everything foreign (Christianity included) and restore "China for the Chinese."

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What do you think would impress the spectators in such a scene as the death of Han-Yu-Lan?
2. What reminder have the Chinese of the Boxer uprising in the American share of the Indemnity Fund?
3. What effect did the death of a lady missionary at the hands of the Boxers have on the life of the man who later became General Feng?

Book for Reference.—*Cross and Crown,* by Bryson.

Scripture Passage.—Rev. ii:10.

XXII

BROTHER OF ALL THE WORLD

Sundar Singh

(b. 1889)

AIM.—To show how Christ in a man *makes* him "brother to all the world."

THE TEST

"A CHRISTIAN! It can never be!"

The tall old man drew himself up, his eyes flashing, his bearded face alight with all the pride and dignity of his Sikh ancestry, and flung the challenge at the slim fifteen-year-old boy before him.

The boy's fair face grew paler, but his eyes never wavered from his father's. "Last night," he said, "I had resolved to find the peace I have sought, or else to die at dawn. As I read and knelt the Christ came to me, and I must follow Him."

"Nay, my son, nay! Thou art Sundar Singh—the lion! Thou canst not be a Christian dog!" But the boy only shook his head. "I must follow Him," he said.

In vain his father argued, stormed, offered him wealth, pleaded with him. When the tears ran down the old man's proud cheeks Sundar thought his heart would break, but he just managed to shake his head.

For months the struggle went on. Not only his

father, but his elder brother and all his relations argued with him, beseeching him not to bring ruin on himself and disgrace on his family. His rich old uncle not only promised him wealth untold if he gave up his purpose, but humbled himself by taking the *pugaree*[1] from his head and laying it at Sundar's feet.

The boy could hardly resist, but always there came into his mind the months of wearying search for peace after his mother's death, in the sacred books of Sikh,[2] Hindu, and Mohammedan, the fierce contempt with which he had resisted the Christian teaching at the mission school, so fierce that even his father had remonstrated with him, and then the stillness of that last night, when, with his Testament before him, he had read and prayed, waiting for the dawn that should bring him peace or death. He could still see the glory of that Figure who had come to him at the break of day, and hear the gentle voice saying: "I am your Saviour. Why do you resist Me?"

And to all their entreaties and threats Sundar had one reply: "I must follow Him."

At last he took the great step which he knew would prove his determination. He cut off his hair, the long hair that is the pride of all true Sikhs, the mark of their religion. Immediately he was cast out of the house, no longer reckoned as one of the family, but made to sleep and eat on the verandah like an "untouchable" outcaste. Even so his will was not broken. Then one evening before the whole

[1] Turban. [2] A religious sect in the north of India.

family his father solemnly cursed and disowned him, and said that on the morrow he must go. The last night was spent, the last meal taken, and with not even a change of clothes, and only his fare to the neighbouring town of Patiala, he was driven forth.

Homeless and friendless, he made his way to a little colony of Indian Christians, whom persecution had driven from his village. Hardly had he arrived there when he was taken violently ill. His family had never meant him to survive his disgrace. The last meal had been poisoned!

For two days he hung between life and death, and then slowly he rallied.

THE RESOLVE

A few weeks later Sundar stood once more face to face with his father. The boy was now with the American missionaries at Ludhiana, and the old man, having attempted in vain to get him away by violence, had come over to make one last attempt by entreaty before his son should be baptized. The tall figure was bent and the once proud face lined with grief. It had been easier for Sundar had his father cursed him, but now the old man only pleaded with him. "Hast thou forgotten that thou art the son of my old age? Hast thou forgotten thy mother who loved thee above all her sons, and who bade thee follow the teaching of the holy Granth[1]? Is all the love of the past nought to thee?"

Hot tears coursed down the boy's face, and he could hardly restrain himself from throwing his arms

[1] The sacred book of the Sikhs.

about his father's neck. "I shall never forget," he said. "But I cannot forsake the Christ."

Slowly, sadly the old man turned away. He could not curse; his heart was broken. Sundar watched him go, himself hardly able to stand. Now, indeed, it seemed that he had lost all—father, brothers, sisters and mother.

Surely, he thought, his mother would understand. She had always urged him to seek for peace of soul above all things, and not to be true to it when he found it.

On his sixteenth birthday, September 3, 1905, he was baptized, and in his joy all the sorrows of the past months seemed to fade.

Something still remained to be done. His mother had always hoped and prayed that her youngest son would be a sadhu, a man devoted to a life of poverty and self-denial. In their saffron-coloured robes the sadhus are one of the characteristic features of Indian life, and in spite of many impostors, the true sadhu is the most honoured man in the land, sure of a welcome and hospitality wherever he goes.

Sundar had loved his mother passionately and had always meant to follow her wishes, but of course now he could not be a Sikh sadhu. Yet had he not vowed to God that if he found peace he would sacrifice all to Him? His mind was made up. Thirty-three days after his baptism he sold his books and all that he had and, barefooted, clad in the sadhu's yellow robe, a Testament his only possession, he started out into the world, the first Christian sadhu.

In his life was something not to be found in the life of all the thousands of yellow-robed ascetics of India. They were sadhus to find peace, to win salvation for themselves. Sundar was a sadhu because he had found peace, and was filled with a passion to serve his new-found Lord and to bring this peace to the thousands of men who had not found it. Father and brothers and sisters—he had lost them all; but Christ had given him instead all the world as his brothers, and himself brother to all the world!

THE WAY OF BROTHERHOOD

Away in the north of India the great Himalayas rise from the fertile plains of the Ganges and the Indus, thrusting up their snow-clad heights one behind another till they reach the vast tableland of Tibet, "the roof of the world." Not only do the dread glaciers and avalanche-swept passes of the Himalayas guard the entry to Tibet, but it is the home of a race intensely suspicious towards strangers and bitterly hostile to a foreign religion. Governed by the lamas, who are Buddhist priests, the penalty of the land for even believing another religion is death. The entry to Tibet is barred to Europeans, and well-nigh as impossible for Indians.

One day in the early summer of 1908 two men were climbing one of the mighty passes to Tibet, nearly 19,000 feet above sea-level. The cold was terrible, and the air so rarefied that their ears and lungs seemed bursting. One of them was clad in

the warm clothes of a Tibetan, the other wore the yellow robe of a sadhu and was barefooted.

For three years Sundar Singh had lived the life of a sadhu, preaching all over north India, even finding a welcome in his sadhu robes in his native village of Rampur. Often the first welcome had changed to anger when the villagers found the sadhu was a Christian, and he had been driven forth with blows and forced to sleep in some cave or even in the open jungle. But nothing daunted him, and he went his way through beast-infested, robber-haunted forests with no sense of fear.

Now that he was nineteen his thoughts turned to Tibet, the great closed land beyond the mountains. Accompanied only by a Tibetan interpreter, he was crossing one of the terrible passes that guard that land. At last the dangers were past and they arrived at a Tibetan village, a collection of tiny, dirty houses, built of stones and mud. The villagers came out at their approach, wearing close-fitting hats and warm coarse clothes, that had once been white, but through the accretions of years—for the Tibetans wash neither themselves nor their clothes—had become almost black. They looked at the sadhu's thin garments and bare feet with amazement. This was doubtless a holy man. They brought him to the village lama, who entertained him with simple Tibetan hospitality of fried barley flour and a kind of tea mixed with salt and butter. But when the sadhu declared his message, the lama's face changed. Earnestly he warned the young man that to persist must mean death.

But Sundar was not afraid. To and fro amongst the villages he went, sometimes welcomed and treated kindly, more often threatened and opposed.

At last he reached the town of Rasar, where in the market place he was arrested for entering the country and preaching his religion. Tried before the head lama, he was found guilty and sentenced to death.

In Tibet are two forms of capital punishment; one to sew the victim up in a wet yak skin which, shrinking in the sun, crushes him to death—the other to throw him down a dry well. This last was Sundar's punishment.

Naked he was thrown into the well, and found himself upon a mass of rotting, putrefying flesh and bones, the remains of former victims. For three days and two nights he lingered, almost longing to die, so awful was the smell.

Suddenly, on the third night, he could hear the top of the well being moved and a rope was let down. A voice called to him to seize the rope, and he was drawn slowly out. When the keen fresh air had revived him, he could nowhere see his rescuer. As day dawned he returned to the city, where he was soon preaching as before.

In consternation and amazement the people brought him before the lama, whose astonishment knew no bounds when he found the key of the well still on his girdle. No doubt remained in his mind that the prisoner had been miraculously delivered, and he ordered him to depart at once before some

terrible calamity should come from so great a god as his.

When the snows of autumn threatened to close the passes Sundar Singh returned to India; but each year during the hot months he came again to Tibet.

THE BOND OF BROTHERHOOD

In one of the halls in London in the spring of 1920 a crowded audience of men and women listened eagerly to the preaching of a man in Eastern dress.

Six feet tall, barefooted, and dressed in a long saffron robe, with scarf of brilliant orange, he was a striking figure, with his pale olive skin and dark hair, eyes and beard. Holding in his hands only a Testament, he spoke with a passion of earnestness that compelled attention.

Not even the dangers of Tibet and Nepal had satisfied Sundar Singh's longing to serve. Having learnt English he determined to go and preach in further fields. Through Burma, Japan and China he had gone, still living the life of a sadhu. Now he had come to London.

It was a strange sight to see an Asiatic preaching the Gospel to men and women of England, and in their own great city! But as he spoke and they listened there was no consciousness of race. To them he was just one of the truest realizations of the Christian ideal that they had ever known. As for him, he who once by pride of family, of race, and of religion would have despised most other men, was now brother to all the world. Not in pity, not be-

cause of man's weakness, were all men his brothers, but because of the greatness common to all men—so divine a greatness that in its light even the distinctions of race did not exist. For all that matters is the Christ in a man, and the Christ belongs to every man. In that brotherhood there cannot be black and white, Asiatic and European, Sikh and Mohammedan, Teuton and Anglo-Saxon; but "Christ is all, and in all."

INTRODUCTION

This Tale differs from all the others in that it does not represent a man working for a particular race, but a man lifted, by real love of and indwelling by Jesus Christ, to a complete unconsciousness of race, which is the Christian ideal.

Sadhu Sundar Singh has lived the life of a Christian sadhu since 1905. Beside his trip to England, he has also visited the United States and Australia.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What light does the story of Sundar Singh throw on St. Mark x. 29-30?

2. Sundar Singh became a sadhu because he believed it was God's will for him. He did not think it the right life for all others. How far can the spirit of the sadhu life be interpreted in modern life in England and America?

3. Do you agree with the ground of world brotherhood given at the end of this Tale? cf. Colossians iii. 10–11 (R. V.). Notice the words "cannot be," not "must be."

4. Which is the right attitude towards racial distinctions—exclusiveness or service? Illustrate your reasons from the Tales in this book.

Book for Reference.—*Sadhu Sundar Singh.* By Mrs. Parker.

Scripture Passage.—2 Cor. xi: 22-30.

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